

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

Price, 5 Cents.



Why We Need Secret Prayer.

No man can pray for himself before others as he can pray all by himself before God. He is insensibly affected and influenced by the thought of others, if they are hearing him, and noting his confessions and claims. God knows this, and it is in view of it that our Saviour counsels, "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Don't Worship the Bible.

The Bible is not a thing to be worshipped. A savage might bow down to a telescope, but an astronomer knows better. The way to know it is to use it. It is not to be looked at, but to look through. To find a Bible beautifully, to lift it reverently, to speak of it with admiration, to guard it with all care, is not at all to the point. Look through it. Find God with it. See what God was to the men of the Bible, and then let Him be the same to you. See the proofs of His power, and prove that power for yourself and in yourself. Search the Scriptures for the testimony of Jesus, and honor them by giving him honor to the One they reveal.—S. S. Times.

The Blind Man's Lantern.

Out West a friend of mine was walking along one of the streets one dark night, and saw approaching him a man with a lantern. As he came up close to him he noticed by the light that the man had no eyes. He went past, but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind." He turned and said: "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes." "Then what have you got that lantern for?" "I carry the lantern that people may not stumble over me," said the blind man. Let us take a lesson from that blind man and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us—Christian Unity.

A Guilty Conscience.

Georgia has a stringent law forbidding its citizens to carry pistols, on pain of forfeiting the weapons and paying a fine of fifty dollars or being imprisoned thirty days. Shortly after the passing of this enactment there happened a little episode which is worth repeating. The story, as quoted, is as follows:

Judge Lester was holding court in a little town, when suddenly he suspended the trial of a case by ordering the sheriff to lock the doors of the court-house.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, when the doors were closed, "I have just seen a pistol on a man in this room, and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty to let such a violation of the law pass unnoticed. I ought, perhaps, to go before the grand jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and I will let him off this time."

The Judge paused, and a lawyer, sitting just before him, not up, slipped his hand into his hip pocket, drew out a neat, ivory-handled six-shooter, and laid it, with one dollar, upon the stand.

"This is all right," said the Judge, "but you are not the man I saw with the pistol." Just then another lawyer arose and laid down a Colt's revolver and a

dollar-bill before the Judge, who repeated his former observation.

The process went on until nineteen pistols, of all kinds and sizes and shapes, lay upon the table, together with nineteen dollars by their side. The Judge laughed as he complimented the nineteen delinquents upon being men of business, but added that the man who had seen with the pistol had not yet come up, and glancing at the far side of the court he continued:

"I will give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he fails I will hand him over to the sheriff."

Immediately two men from the back of the court arose and began to move toward the Judge's stand. Once they stopped to look at each other, and then, coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and dollars. As they turned their backs, the Judge said:

"This man with the black whiskers is the one that I originally saw."

What the Lord Said.

A poor man, who was looked upon as being very simple, applied to a church whose membership was of what is called the wealthy class, for admission as a member. He came before the appointed officers, for examination. As it was an aristocratic church, they did not like to accept him into membership; but, of course, they adopted the tactics of their class, and asked the poor, simple applicant if he was sure the Lord wanted him to become a member of the church.

He replied, "Yes, he was sure, as he had prayed over it for six months."

"Well," they said, "better pray over it three months longer, and see what the Lord wants you to do."

He assented, and at the end of three months he applied again. The officers asked him if he was still of the same mind. He said, "Yes." They asked him also if he had asked the Lord about it. He said he had. Then they asked him what the Lord said to him.

The poor, simple applicant replied, "He told me not to be offended with you brethren; for He Himself had been trying for the past twelve years, since the church was built, to get in, but He had not succeeded yet."—Selected.

Prayer and Prudence.

The name of Rev. George Muller, of Bristol, Eng., represents to many minds a man who achieved great success by simply asking God for it. This is a mistake. Although the main-spring of his work was in his closet. Mr. Muller was too practical to make a lazy dependence of his faith. He was a man of common sense and "a man among men." An incident showing how he understood the command to "watch and pray" furnishes one of the best commentaries on the text.

When on one occasion, a party of his fellow-workers were going abroad, and conveyance was ready to take them to the shipping pier, he noticed that a cabman in stowing their small baggage, hastily thrust several carpet-bags into the boot of the carriage.

Mr. Muller had prayed for the safety of his friends and their property, both on water and on land, but he had also made sure that their ship was ready, and that he had counted all their baggage. He accompanied them to the wharf, and in the confusion there kept a cool head and a clear eye.

When the driver unloaded the movable boxes, the cab nearly half the number of places he had put in were missing. He was mounting his box to drive away, but the watchful minister stopped him, and the ingrate hide in the boot was delivered to its owners.

In the school of prayer one learns many new lessons, and Mr. Muller

lived long enough to learn them all. None knew better than he that a trust in God which ignores ordinary prudence contradicts itself.—The Youth's Companion.

Appearances Against Him.

An excursion steamer was taking a pleasure party down the harbor of one of the large eastern cities.

The boat was crowded from cabin to rail. People chattered and ate peanuts, till, suddenly, the steamer began to rock. The motion increased, and presently one or two women looked frightened. Soon the vessel careened violently, and then a pale gleam. Men and women fastened on life-preservers with frantic haste.

The captain came on deck, looking cool and collected.

"There's not the slightest danger," said he. "She'll steady down in just a moment."

Several men took their cue from the captain, and went about quieting the people. One friend felt that he was in public. He must appear self-possessed. Seeing a woman in front of him, one of the few without a life-preserver on, he rushed up to her.

"Madam," he cried, "be calm! be calm! There's no danger whatever! The boat will steady down in just a moment!"

The woman looked him over from head to foot.

"If you feel so sure about it," she replied, "you might as well give me one of those life-preservers you've tied yourself up in so carefully."

The man looked abashed. He had fastened two life-preservers about his chest and waist, while his right hand gripped the tiller.

WISE WORDS.

No day can be lived twice.

Wakefulness is not watchfulness.

When a slunner feels that he is lost, and loathes his sins, he is more than half saved.

Sh is always a sad mistake. Its primary meaning in the Greek is: Missing the mark.

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Curlye.

No man or woman can rise up toward God and not draw others up a little out of their depths.—Bishop Fowler.

Gough used to say, "Every moderate drinker could abandon the drink if he would; every inebriate would if he could."

"Learn to labor and to wait" is a good motto, but it is well to note that the more you labor the shorter will be your waiting.

Life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely and give a helping hand to those around them.

The Greatest Command.

I do not ask for any crown, But that which I may win; Nor try to conquer any world, Except the one within. Be Thine my guide until I find, Led by a tender hand, The happy kingdom in myself, And dare to take command.

—Lonsia M. Alcott.

THE BEST PHYSICIAN.

A SOUTH AFRICAN INCIDENT.

Fever raged in the camp; first one man in the company sickened and then another. Men staggered around, trying hard to hold up heads that burned and ached, and amongst them was a corporal, who worked his hardest to keep himself out of the hospital. Deep in his soul, he reproached himself bitterly for sinning against his Lord, and thought, "If I once give up fighting this I shall drop, and then I will carry me off to bed, and I shall grow unconscious, and probably go out of that state to meet my God—unredeemed, after all His goodness to me. I daren't let myself give in."

The enteric fever did not lightly relax his grip, although men have wrestled with him bravely enough of late. There came an hour for the corporal when the earth reeled and his eyes upon a hospital ward.

"I'm here, and I'm not ready to die," he thought. "What shall a man do when God has turned His face from him? O Christ, have mercy, have mercy!"

The nursing sister was passing over her patient. All she could do she did, but a veritable battle seemed raging within him, adding dangerously to the fever, and running up his temperature beyond the reach of remedies. Now and then she would go quietly up to the cot, and see fears running down his cheeks as he lay. Not a moment of sleep came to soothe oradden the pain.

At last she visited this distracting patient on the third morning, and, though utterly exhausted, he wore such a radiant look of happy restfulness as to astonish her.

"What a change there is in you this morning!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, sister," he whispered; "the greatest change."

"You are feeling better?" His response was heart-felt indeed; but if he could have said just what he meant about it, the name of the Great Physician would have had the praise—He who had sought and found His wandering son upon a camp hospital cot.

Learning in Odd Moments.

A friend, visiting a busy woman's room, noticed that to the pin-cushion, which occupied the central position on her dressing-table, was "The Recessional," which everybody knows about, but comparatively few people know.

Now, the pin-cushion is not the place where one expects to find a poem, and the young woman was asked to explain. "I always have something I especially want to know, and I use my pin-cushion," she said, smiling, "and when I am dressing my hair or adjusting my collar-button, I just glance over the lines. Before I know it, I have the whole committed to memory, and then I remove it and place something else in its stead."

Now, this young woman is very busy, a stenographer in a law office, an earnest church worker, and a favorite with other young people. We had been surprised to hear her speak of as "so well informed." We had wondered how she found time to acquire her information, but the pin-cushion revealed the mystery. We had learned the art of utilizing the minutes.

To pray is to desire, but it is to desire what God would have us desire.

Human empires become the dust of the earth; the Kingdom of God is for ever.

From the Far West.

Nothing but the Fire!

Easter Councils at London

NOTES BY LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

On board the C. P. R. S.S. "Minto."

A day's trip up the Arrow Lakes and the Columbia River affords me the first opportunity of sending a few notes to the Cry respecting our tour in the West. So many days and nights have been occupied in traveling, that with many meetings, pressing business, etc., no time has been at my disposal for reporting our progress. If I were a cartoonist I would just here insert two pictures illustrative of the different stages of our journey—one describing the incessant motion of the train and its effects, and the other the unpleasant roll of the steamer—and entitle it, "Change of Pitch."

Oh, the brush of an artist to graphically depict the various experiences of a lengthy tour. As we pass up through the rugged and picturesque scenery of this Kootenay District, and look forward to our visit to Rossland and Nelson, the memory of the victories achieved during the past three weeks makes us hopefully expectant for the success of the places yet to be visited.

After a night at Rat Portage, where, in spite of many attractions in town, we had a good crowd and a nice, interesting meeting, we commenced our campaign in the Prairie City.

Winnipeg.

These meetings are otherwise reported, but I want to say a word or two respecting them. Major and Mrs. Southern and ourselves, exceedingly kind and made every effort for the success of the meetings.

The Women's Social work is a very important feature of the Army's operations in Winnipeg, as was evidenced by the splendid crowd at the Social meeting, and the interest manifested by all in the report that was given of the work. The further development of our work in the opening of a hospital was universally pressed upon us. The Home is over-crowded all the time. Adj. Langtry and her officers have great reason to rejoice in the work they have been enabled to do, and the blessed results accruing from their faithful efforts. The year's report speaks for itself.

Girls and children cared for in the Winnipeg Rescue Home from March, 1900, to March, 1901—

Girls admitted	50
Came to Heaven	2
Married	3
Came to Friends	10
At School	15
Unsatisfactory	4
In the Home	22
Children Admitted	45
Died	8
Adopted	7
With Mothers	16
In the Home	14

Portage in Prairie.

Portage in Prairie's night was characterized by a spirit of enthusiasm. A good crowd was present and the welcome of Capt. White and his soldiers had no uncertain ring about it.

Although it was 10 o'clock when we commenced the prayer meeting, there seemed no inclination to move on the part of the audience, and, at a late hour, we closed one of the brightest services of our tour with three souls at the Cross.

Brandon.

Rev. Mr. Henry presided ably over our Social meeting in Brandon. The crowd was most appreciative, and Mr. Henry warmly invited the writer to return and occupy his pulpit (Presbyterian) in the interest of the Rescue work.

His Worship, Mayor Frazer, spoke most eulogistically of the work being accomplished by the Army, and especially that of the uplifting of the fallen and outcast members of society. We organized and commissioned the League of Mercy here.

Calgary.

Sunday afternoon and night were spent with Calgary friends and comrades, and good crowds met for both meetings. Very sympathetic interest was manifested in the various phases

Words by Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.

my dear friends,

We, the pre-jects of Thy hand, Stand ing here in fore Thee.

For Thy pow'r, O Ho - ly Ghost! We as one im - plore Thee.

f Chorus

Nothing but the fire! Nothing but the fire Nothing but the fire can fit me...

For a word of sin - ners lost— Nothing but the fire can fit me!

For the thousands we have slain,
Lord, we now adore Thee;
Thous of thousands more to gain,
We as one implore Thee.

God of battles, God of power,
What can stand before Thee?
For the combat's fiercest hour,
Fill us, we implore Thee.

Let not self hold any part,
All we lay before Thee;

Be Thou Conqueror of each heart,
We as one implore Thee.

God of ages, God of grace,
Search these hearts before Thee;
With Thy power come fill this place,
We as one implore Thee.

Thine for time, and Thine for aye,
Battling, conquering for Thee;
Till all ended life's short day,
We in heaven adore Thee.

of work described in the Sunday afternoon meeting. Ensign Taylor had arranged for the Social gathering in the Methodist Church. Mr. Cushing (ex-Mayor) presided, and strongly emphasized the need of a Rescue Home in Calgary, and expressed his wish that the Army should institute such a work in this city. Rev. Mr. Herdman delivered a short address, in which he reiterated the remarks and wishes of the chairman, summing up his opinion in three points, 1st. That such a work is needed in Calgary; 2nd. The lines laid down by Mrs. Read were the lines along which it should be conducted; 3rd. In his opinion, the Salvation Army was the best organization to undertake it. And he supplemented these remarks by stating that he would do all in his power to facilitate such work if the Army would commence it. A good crowd was present and much sympathy expressed with the proposal.

British Columbia.

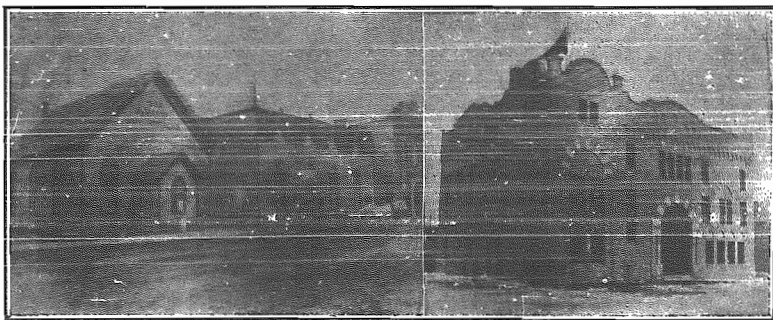
I have just finished up the Vancouver and New Westminster cam-

paign, which has been successful in many ways.

This series of services is otherwise reported, but I would like just to say that though our work is only in its infancy in Vancouver, the Home having been opened but a year, I was very much pleased with the report Ensign Soper had to render. Forty-eight inmates have been received in the year, and eight children have been cared for. We have been much crippled here for want of suitable premises and for officers. Ensign Soper has done ably for some months. I looked at and inspected a more commodious house—ideal for our work—which we hope to occupy in a few weeks.

I cannot speak too highly of the hearty co-operation of Adj. Alward, and the other B. C. comrades, and we shall look back with feelings of gratification to the interest shown in our work by those present at our meetings, especially on the Sunday afternoon, and the great crowd that thronged the barracks on Sunday night.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.



Former Winnipeg Barracks.

The Present S. A. Citadel.

Colonel Jacobs Conducted an Enthusiastic Campaign in the Forest City from Good Friday Till Monday.

Good Friday heralded in the inauguration of the annual councils of the West Ontario Province. Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs were the leading spirits of the gatherings. London has not had such an awakening for some time as was witnessed by the splendid marches and magnificent crowds that greeted the Chief Secretary and his better half.

Both Friday and Saturday's meetings were such that made everybody feel that the Colonel had swung the campaign on the right track. London band, ever alive and up-to-date, was in full strength at 6 o'clock Sunday morning. After rousing round-up-for knee-drill, it is needless to say that the gathering was one out of the ordinary run of things.

The Opera House was the rendezvous for the operations of the day, and a good audience was on hand to hear the Colonel's inimitable address on the true line of holiness. It was a splendid word-picture, and not a few felt that in that photograph was portrayed many of the traits of their own character. A number came forward.

Mrs. Jacobs, Adj. Coombs, and others testified to the un-got-over-alive truth of the glorious possibility of a daily walk with God. Banden Hoddinott treated us to one of his original solos.

In the afternoon

A Magnificent Turn-out

of soldiers made things all alive on Dundas Street, the open-air witnessed a large crowd, and London once more was reminded that the Salvation Army is still a very much alive affair.

The Colonel's address in the afternoon was a mastery deliverance, and one of the daily contemporaries devoted considerable space in reproducing it in its columns.

Adj. McHarg was given an opportunity of having a few moments, in which to express himself. He gave us a five-minute, well-chosen exhortation on the word "Come." Little Dora, one of the Colonel's coming Army, made her debut to the London people, and sang very sweetly her little solo, much to the delight of all.

Major McMillan guided the opening part of the night's proceedings, and Staff-Capt. Rawling pleaded for God's blessing on the gathering. Adj. McGillivray and Mrs. Jacobs had an opportunity to say once more the invitation, and at eight o'clock the Colonel stood to deliver what is couched one of

The Best Pronouncements of God's Undisputed Truth

ever delivered before a London audience. God unmistakably helped the speaker. The curtain lifted, and hearts saw as perhaps never before that God's eternal denunciations of sin are still in strict evidence against the wrong-doer. The Colonel's glorification was among the best we ever listened to, and we believe no heart was left untouched in that gathering.—One of the London Old Boys.

West Ontario Officers' Councils

INAUGURATED BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

A Presentation to the P. O.—A Message to the Commissioner and Her Reply—A Blessed Series of Meetings.

Monday, all day, officers continued to pour into the city, and the great welcome meeting at the Citadel was conducted by our esteemed Chief Secretaries, Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. The preliminaries being over, Adjt. Wakefield read an address of welcome to the Staff and Field Officers, and Adjt. McGillivray suitably replied to the same in a humorous manner. The Provincial Officer, Major McMillan, then read an address from the officers to Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, in which deep regret was expressed on account of the continued and severe sickness of our much-beloved Commissioner, who holds an exceptionally warm place in the hearts of the brave West Ontario troops.

Mrs. Jacobs gave one of her cheering and bright talks, which was to the point, and much appreciated. She spoke very feelingly, indeed, to the unconverted.

The Colonel followed with the subject announced, "Ghosts." The address is a starter, to be sure, and was ably delivered. Sometimes the audience would be in roars of laughter, and at others deathlike stillness prevailed. The Colonel does not make his audience laugh without applying some forcible truth at the proper time. This was the Colonel's last public meeting, and was a fitting climax, indeed, to the Sunday's campaign.

Tuesday morning the Officers' Councils commenced, and it was with great joy we all learned that the Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs would remain with us for two sittings. These were times of blessing indeed. The text chosen by the Chief Secretary was Eccles. ix. 10, "Whatever a man findeth to do, etc., etc." This was excellently handled, intensely practical and instructive.

Great good to the cause will doubtless result; in fact, the writer has heard the Colonel often, and on varied subjects, but this was certainly the best yet. It was a sermon in deed. This is a verdict of all. The incidents and leaves out of his own experience were very thrilling indeed.

The Colonel remained to hear two of our Staff Officers speak on the subjects set on to them, but which they did not expect to thrash out before the Chief Secretary.

The singing of "God be with you till we meet again," and a closing prayer from the Colonel, brought the visit of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs to a close, but the results will live on. The souls saved, and the mighty blessing and inspiration received by the officers will be carried all round the Province, and the blessing of Almighty God, will bring forth great results.

The night session of the Officers' Council was taken up by the various Staff Officers speaking on the subjects assigned to them, which were well handled. Each one had twenty minutes, and took full advantage of the time. Wednesday was again occupied with three sessions of council, taken up by the Provincial Officer and Chancellor, who dealt, firstly, with the business of the Province and our present standing compared with that of a year ago, and which is very encouraging indeed, only in one item having decreased, and that very slightly. An officers' tea was provided by the Locals of London corps between the afternoon and night sessions. The rapid way the appearance of the war has changed spots well for the good health of the officers.—A vote of

thanks to the worthy sisters by Adjt. McGillivray was joined in by all.

In the night session the P. O. gave a well-thought-out and dery address on "Courage," and illustrated the same with forcible deeds of great men whose lives are written on the annals of history by their daring deeds, being the most courageous of the past century, but when he came to our dear, devoted, and affectionate General, the enthusiasm reached the top notch, and this being his 72nd birthday.

A Message of Congratulation was Cabled,

pledging loyalty to the good old flag and to himself.

At the commencement of this meeting the District Officers, on behalf of their corps and F. O.'s, presented to their loved and faithful warrior P. O. enough to pay his passage to the Old Land and bring him safe back to London again. The Major responded very touchingly, and just here I might say the P. O. is not only looked upon as a superior officer, but is a veritable father to every one. "Mother" was there also, and holds a warm place in the affection of the officers.

The Thursday morning session was the last of the series, and was a deeply spiritual feast. God came very near. It was indeed, a Pentecostal wind-up. New conceptions, new vows, and old ones renewed, new faith, new light, and Divine power which will long live with and help the brave officers of West Ontario to go forward and continue the glorious warfare for God and souls.

The P. O., on behalf of the officers gathered, was requested to send a letter of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Jacobs, and to the bereaved, the doctor's instructions, was deprived of attending any of the councils, and assurances of prayers for her recovery. Adjt. and Mrs. Wakefield, who were at the Temple in a few days, and who have spent all their B. A. career in the W. O. P., each had a few farewell words, and thanked the officers for their many kindnesses, making special mention of the Major and Staff-Captain.

Then the following message was received

From Our Dear and Beloved Commissioner,

from her sick room. Always warm and inspiring are the words and messages of our dear leader.

"Loving greetings, my officers. Inspiring news about-saving victories delights my heart. May abundant grace make you more than ever saviours of men beneath our glorious flag. My confidence with you is growing. Self-Defence effort. From sick room send you my blessing.—Commissioner."

Sympathy and tears, mingled with earnest prayers for our dear leader, prevailed for a moment, but her warrior spirit seemed to be present with us, and the following reply was sent:

"Officers in council highly appreciate your loving message. Return assurances of deepest affection. Pray and healing hand be upon you. United to conquer in Self-Defence effort. Major McMillan."

The officers unitedly pledged the Self-Defence target at all costs. May the God of all grace restore to health again our affectionate leader. "The path is very narrow, but I'll follow," was the popular chorus of the day.

The commissioning of F. O.'s to their new appointments was the event of the night meeting. The hall was well filled with a fine audience, and everything was at boiling pitch. Forty-nine officers were commissioned to new appointments, but the appointments will appear elsewhere. The following Lieutenants changed the yellow braid for the red: Malsoy, Yeomans, Pickle, Knuckle, Groombridge, Crawford, Plant, and last, but not least "Kitchener" (Kitchin). May the blessing of God be with them. The London band rendered splendid service both at the open-air and indoor meetings. The open-air, by the way, was a rousing one, and a tremendous crowd gathered.

This meeting was a red-hot, boiling-over time all the way through. The testimonies were of the real sound ring. The P. O.'s charge to his troops was logical and forcible. The Bible reading by Adjt. Coombs was most appropriate, and after a strong appeal by the P. O., the Chancellor prayed and brought to a close one of the most blessed and inspiring gatherings it has been our privilege to attend.

wiping the tears from his eyes, seemed as though he would like to listen all night. However, the meeting had to be closed a little earlier than it otherwise would have been, owing to Mrs. Read and the Vancouver party having to catch the last car, but not without the Rev. Mr. Betts committing us all to God.

New Westminster says, "Come again soon, Lieut.-Colonel."—F. R. B.

Newfoundland Warfare.

MAJOR AND MRS. SMEETON WITH THE ST. JOHN'S CORPS.

Major and Mrs. Smeeton paid No. 1. a visit on Sunday, March 31st. This was their first Sunday with us, and, to say the least, it was a time of blessing and power. Our new leaders have jumped right into the hearts of the people, and the soldiers rallied to the meetings in good shape. From early morning until the close of the night's meeting the presence of the Master was felt, and the convicting Spirit of the Holy Ghost was vividly manifested by the result of the day, seven precious souls being liberated from the thraldom of sin. The congregations were excellent, and at night we were compelled to hold an overflow meeting in the schoolhouse. It was to be regretted that Mrs. Smeeton had contracted a cold, which to some extent kept her in the background, and the long hours for solos have to be patiently waited for. The Major, in all his discourses, put forth, in no uncertain tone, the consequences of sin, and many consciences were smitten.

A Local Officers' meeting was held after the overflow meeting, when the Major again laid the claims of the kingdom before us. Also the Self-Defence effort came in for a share of comment.

Wednesday evening a Soldiers' and Converts' meeting was conducted by the P.O. and his wife, when a most profitable time was spent. The testimonies of the comrades pledging themselves to fidelity to the Cross and the Army, and assurances of their fulfilling the same hitherto in all the various undertakings, and repeated welcomes to the Major and Mrs. Smeeton, made the meeting one long to be remembered. The bible reading was a blessed one, and one which will bring forth much fruit.

♦♦♦♦♦

The British Columbia Royal City Stirred.

New Westminster Visited by Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read.

The influence of Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read's visit will long remain in the memory of those who attended her meeting.

Her city cars had been announcing all day, in big letters, this event, and many had remembered her former meeting at this place, and when, as the time arrived for this meeting, great was their expectancy. Excitement really got to top notch when the troops began to arrive from Vancouver early in the afternoon on Saturday, and the holding of the "old-time anniversary gatherings" back East, years ago.—New Westminster, although possessing one of the best city bands on the coast, had not had

Such a Band of Saved Musicians

for many a day; the massed bands of Vancouver and our own city, augmented by Bandsman Crawshaw, late of Winnipeg, and of euphonium fame, and Bandsman Jackson, from Calgary, made the busy store-keepers and customers stop and look, while people rushed to the windows to see what was up. Our Bandsman, Adjt. Hay, led on the open-air in his characteristic style, assisted by Mrs. Jackson, nee Lieut. Kady, an old Royal City officer. A crowd surged around the open-air, but time was soon up, and we were off to the barracks, with the crowd following, and another one waiting inside.

The meeting was opened with a song from the War Cry, by Ebsen and the band. The hymn "Lead us to the Throne of Grace by Mrs. Adjt. Alward and the Rev. Ten Broeck Rey-

nolds, of the Reformed Episcopal Church. The Rev. Mr. Betts, of the Methodist Church, presided over the meeting, then in his warm-hearted manner introduced the Lieut.-Colonel to the audience, who was received with clapping of hands, in the typical, thorough Western style.

Mrs. Read was not many seconds in getting into the hearts of her sympathetic and appreciative audience, and from beginning to end held them riveted by Divine power. Words fall to the ground, who followed, swayed like a great oak tree or heaved up and down like the swell of the ocean, was the audience, as Mrs. Read took for her text the word, "Hope," taking us

From Hospital Ward to Prison Cell, and from the cots of the little ones in the Army Shelters to the poor unfortunates in the gilded palaces of sin, down to the miserable hovels in the slums, and in turn bringing some light on the things to God by that word, "Hope."

"Do you remember Capt. So-and-so?" said a stylishly-dressed young man. "I was his Cadet 17 years ago." Oh, the backsliders of the West! "I am glad to hear here tonight," said the Reformed Episcopalian Pastor, "It has been a dark work to me, and this will help me with my services tomorrow."

The chairman was touched, like the rest, and in warm tones spoke of the Army's work, and when Mrs. Adjt. Alward sang "The Bird with the Broken Pinion," it seemed to mellow every heart, and the big, tall man in the front who was a good handkerchief, been, all through the meeting,

We had our new Provincial Officers with us for Sunday. Good start was made with the knee-drill, when God came near and blessed our souls. The testimonies were of the right ring, and the oneness of spirit voiced the sentiments of every heart. It was Easter Sunday, and indeed it was to more than one heart as we knelt at His feet and were baptized afresh. The holiness meeting, a goodly number turned out, and again the Spirit of the Lord came to our help.

The overflow service was an exceptionally good one. Our barracks was packed, and from the out-lining of the first song to the last, things went with a swing. This is the place for the officers to be, and our hall re-echoed with the "glad new song." This meeting had of necessity to be curtailed, owing to the Locals' meeting after, which was a real good one. The words of the Lord were given by the Major were well in season.

When we returned at night from a good, rousing open-air to the barracks, we were pleasantly surprised to find the hall filled up to the top. A good number were live testimonies were given. Mrs. Smeeton's remarks were terse and pointed. The Major again wielded the two-edged sword, and the blows fell thick and fast, as one after another of the statements of the heart one were unmasked. Our prayer meeting was good; it was a long pull, and though only two laid down their arms of rebellion, yet the tharot way in which the surrender was made, especially that of an old soldier, who, for thirteen years, has been a backslider, leaves us hoping that these converts will stand.

IN THE MUSKOKA DISTRICT.

The Territorial Secretary and Mrs. Margetts Have Pentecostal Times—Twenty-Seven Seek the Saviour.

Snow and mud were in evidence throughout the trip, but, nothing daunted, Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Margetts, with little Grace, pushed ahead, and some splendid meetings brought cheer and blessing to officers and soldiers, and pointed many sinners to the Saviour.

Thursday night, at Barrie, a real salvation meeting was held. The Colonel introduced the recent new song, now becoming a general favorite, "The path is very narrow," which was taken up heartily, and enjoyed by the crowd.

The Good Friday spirit prevailed in the praise meeting that morning at eight o'clock, as our dying Saviour was vividly brought to remembrance. Some good testimonies were given. Our dear comrade, Father Myles, and his daughter, a new convert, as a Siege result, drove in twelve miles, encountering high snowbanks and other difficulties, to attend the meeting. His heart is rejoicing over the recent conversion of this daughter, and hired man, who are soon becoming soldiers.

After the morning meeting the train is boarded for Bracebridge, where a praise meeting was held in the afternoon, and one again at night. One soul sought the Saviour here.

Huntsville, where the week-end was spent, was the scene of several battles, and glorious victories. Saturday night Mrs. Margetts spoke on "My British Battles." In a very interesting manner she depicted her eight years' officership in the Old Country, having been a Divisional Officer, and in command of fifteen corps. In Yarmouth she and her Lieutenant, with two soldiers.

Were Sentenced to Seven Days

In the Norwich Castle, but while waiting in their cell, the fishermen held an indignation meeting, and paid their fines.

Special Easter subjects were taken on Sunday. Two knee-drills were held in different parts of the town in the morning—one led by the Y. M. C. A., at his house, and the other by Colonel and Mrs. Margetts at the barracks. At one of these a young man, who had attended the Saturday night meeting, was converted.

There is an excellent Junior work here. One hundred children attend and seven Companies are worked. The Colonel reviewed the lesson with them, and Mrs. Margetts gave them a profitable talk.

Hidden sins were brought to light, broken pledges were uncovered, and the secrets of unwashed hearts were revealed, as the search-light of God's truth shone in upon the holiness meeting; and while the light was falling thirteen souls confessed their sins, and rose to a newness of life in Christ Jesus. It was a decided victory over the powers of darkness.

Mrs. Margetts enrolled six soldiers in the afternoon, and the Colonel's appeal to backsliders was productive of much good. Three wanderers returned.

The night meeting was a real Pentecostal time. The building was filled with an attentive audience. With new light and new power they were pointed to the source of all life, and they who were seeking "the living among the dead" shuddered as the truth was brought to bear upon them. The Spirit of God was wonderfully manifest in the prayer meeting. The Colonel urged the soldiers to go and bring their own relatives and friends to Jesus, and it was a beautiful sight to see them put their arms around their fathers and mothers, and bro-

thers and sisters, and plead with them to come to the Saviour. Numbers were seen weeping, many fought the risen Christ, and many others were deeply convicted, but stubbornly fought against God right through the meeting.

Special Cases.

A young lady from Huntsville came to visit some friends in Toronto during the Siege, attended the Huron Street meetings, and was converted there. On the occasion of her farewell from Huntsville she was previous to the T. S.'s visit to Huntsville, it so happened that Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Margetts were leading the meeting. The Colonel mentioned a special case, in which one member of the family was converted, and in a short time brought all the rest to Jesus; and asked this sister if she would do the same. She promised to do her best, and left the city. On his arrival in Huntsville the Colonel found this sister taking a decided stand for God, though undecided as to becoming a soldier, her way being somewhat blocked. However, God opened the way that Easter Sunday. One, whom she was especially interested in, gave himself fully to God in the morning; she took her place and was enrolled as a soldier in the afternoon, and at night her cup of joy was running over when she saw her mother kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

On account of pressure of business at Headquarters, the Colonel had to return home on Monday. While Mrs. Margetts, with the Huntsville officers, and a few soldiers, visited Burk's Falls, with a view to opening a corps there. In order to reach the place in time for a meeting, they had to travel in a baggage car, and were just four hours going the twenty-five miles. They were well received. The Methodist Church was kindly loaned for the meeting, and the minister practically assisted in many ways. He also did the janitor's work, the latter being unable to come. There was a large crowd, the interest was good, and the people responded liberally to the offering. They have recently had a revival in this church, and some who had at one time been S. A. soldiers in different parts of Ontario, but were

backslidden, renewed their vows, and there are already fourteen waiting to be enrolled as soldiers when the Army opens, which will be in a short time. Mrs. Margetts and Gracie returned the next day to their loved ones at home, having spent a pleasant and profitable Easter in the Muskoka District.—W.

MAJOR PICKERING AT HAMILTON.

13 Souls During Easter Meetings.

A united meeting was held in this city on the occasion of the Major's first visit as P. O. for the Central Ontario Province.

On Good Friday night, at the recreation meeting, we had a good attendance. Staff-Capt. Stanoy, who accompanied the Major, acted as chairman, which duty he performed in proper S. A. style. Adjt. DesBrisay spoke on behalf of the Hamilton corps and District, and Capt. Bence for the visiting officers and soldiers.

After the ceremony of introducing the new P. O. was over, the Major rose to speak, and his audience, which had come full of expectancy, was not disappointed. The Major handled his subject well, and at the close of the meeting we had the joy of seeing

Two Backsliders at the Mercy Seat.

On Sunday we had the largest attendance at knee-drill for some time. The holiness meeting was the best for some time past. We had the searchlight of God turned upon our hearts, and rejoiced in seeing six soldiers and two Juniors come forward for more complete consecration.

At night we had a crowded house, and the Major held the people in rapt attention until the close of the service. Staff-Captain Stanoy brought the prayer meeting to a successful finish with three souls at the Cross.

The Musical Meeting

on Monday was a success; the brass band gave several very good selections. Mrs. Staff-Captain Stanoy's tribute was very much enjoyed.

We closed the meeting with the swearing-in under the colors of seven converts. Bro. Foley was also commissioned as Social Sergt.-Major.—T. I. A.

If men put more sense into their sacred service the world would put more faith in their sanctity.

LAZARUS IN THE EAST.

G. B. M. Notes by Ensign Jos. Parker.

The East, the glorious East. Its balmy breezes which go through you like a knife; its storm-tossed waters, which have a voracious appetite for your breakfast, swallowed before you launched forth; its lovely valleys full of cherry trees; its beautiful towns with sidewalks of—well, of those who have been here. Well, praise the Lord, I am in the East!

Well, sir, they are a warm-hearted crowd here, and I feel very much at home. I have heard of people being "killed with kindness." It must have happened here, for such a shower of kind words, kind looks, kind acts, and hearty welcomes have been my lot. I scarce know what return to make for it all.

At every corps visited so far, I have had a good time. Finances have been good, crowds good, and people pleased with the service shown with the new lantern light.

About 200 new boxes have been placed in the hands of the Agents, who have promised to find places for them, and push the G. B. M. still higher. Six new Agents have been enlisted and are taking the work up heartily.

The championships of the Province for the gliding ending March 31st, stand as follows: Charlottetown heads the list for amount collected, with \$18.43, against Glace Bay, with \$17.15; but when the special collection is included matters are reversed, Glace Bay shows \$21.15, while Charlottetown only has \$19.06.

A faithful warrior, Miss Ellis, at the latter place, is laid aside with a broken limb; too bad. Glace Bay Agents declare they are going to make things hum in the June Quarter. Bro. McPherson challenges the whole Province to get the most in the box in the barracks. Surely someone will have the courage to take this up.

The Agents who got the largest amounts are Miss Ellis, Charlottetown, \$18.43; Bro. Cossett, Sydney, \$11.14; Treas. Charlottetown, \$11.06. Bro. Cossett, of Sydney, will have to do some sharp work to keep ahead when the Glace Bay man hears this.

But a voice comes from a lad yet in his teens, "How much do you want me to get next time? I want a target. From the 22nd to the 24th; here is a David that may bring you down. God bless the courageous Wear, of Annapolis.

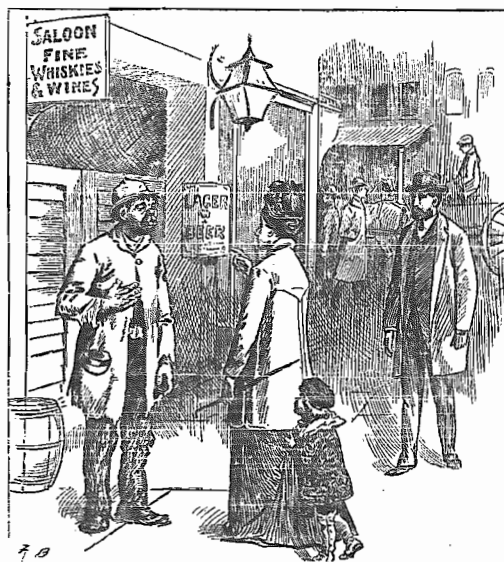
Capt. Thompson, of North Sydney, sold 100 tickets himself to have the service repeated at his corps, and we took in \$17.30 for the repeat. Not bad for the second time, was it?

These Thompsons are great people, for the Glace Bay Thompson arranged to have two meetings for the Sunday night I was there, and so your humble servant took the band, and held a forth in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, while the Captain held the fort in the barracks, and we had a crowd at both places.

We took in \$20.60 for one lantern service at Sydney. But, would you believe it? Cape Breton has been knocked out by the P. E. I. Adjutant. Yes, sir, Charlottetown did \$20.70 for the lantern service. This is getting pretty warm work. I should not wonder if someone else in the part I have not reached this quarter does better still. Byers, at Springfield, is a dangerous man, I know. I am going to see him after April Fool's Day. I wonder what he will do. I'll tell you next time how it turned out.

Nine souls at Charlottetown Sunday night.

Modern murmurers are bitten with the fiery serpents of their own tongues.



A DRUNKARD'S LOGIC.

LADY: "Don't you know that the accursed drinking habit degrades and ruins a man?"

BUMMER: "Aw, ga wan, I don't believe it. Look at me—I drink myself." —Ram's Horn.



WEEKLY AMMUNITION.

PERFECT PRACTICE.

SUNDAY.—Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John xiv. 27.

Let worldly minds the world pursue, It has no charms for me
Once I admired its trifles too, But grace has set me free.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John xiv. 27.

ASK WHAT YE WILL.

MONDAY.—If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.—John xv. 7.

Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk, Unless combined with faith and love, And witnessed by a Gospel walk, Will not a true profession prove.

Hereby is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples.—John xv. 8.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN.

TUESDAY.—As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you.—John xv. 9.

Oh, for grace our hearts to soften, Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, alas! forget too often

What a Friend we have above; But when home our souls are brought We will love Thee as we ought.

Continue ye in My love.—John xv. 9.

ABIDING IN LOVE.

WEDNESDAY.—If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love.—John xv. 10.

Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Behold my heart and see; And turn each cherished idol out That dare to rival Thee.

Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit.—John xv. 16.

NO LIQUOR.

THURSDAY.—Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever ye shall ask the Father, in My name, He will give it you.—John xvi. 23.

What various hindrances we meet, In coming to a Mercy Seat! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer But wishes to be often there.

Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.—I. John ii. 12.

COMPLETE JOY.

FRIDAY.—Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.—John xvi. 24.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw, Gives exercise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above.

In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—John xvi. 23.

THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

SATURDAY.—Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Rom. v. 1.

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness 'My beauty'; are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed With joy shall I lift up my head.

By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.—Rom. v. 2.

THE GENERAL'S LETTERS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

THE DUTY OF THE SOLDIER TO THE EX-SOLDIER.

MY DEAR COMRADES.—

I want to write you this week on a most important subject.

I want to consider in my present letter the duty a Salvation Soldier owes to the comrades who, from time to time drop out of our ranks.

The losses of soldiers in the Army are very serious. From one reason or another we lose thousands upon thousands every year. By great labors, with many tears, and heavy sacrifices, we bring the sinning crowds inside our borders, we rejoice over them as those who have found great mercy and then have the agony of seeing many of them drift away from us in the most lamentable fashion.

All about our cities, towns and villages, in the dancing saloons, theatres, gambling halls, recreation grounds, in the prisons, in the churches, in their own shops and houses are to be found multitudes who once were marching by our side under the flag, singing our songs, and helping us in the great fight for the salvation of the world.

"Oh," said a man, as he fell at the Mercy Seat on the stage of a theatre the other night, "six years I loved God, played in the band, was a happy man; now I am a miserable backslider, without God and without hope in the world. I am in hell." God mercifully healed his backslidings, and brought him out of the hell of His wrath into the heaven of His favor.

But, alas! alas! there are thousands in the condition of this man. They belong to us. We have fought for them and won them, but they are ours no longer. What an untold loss they are!

THEY ARE A LOSS OF MONEY.

If we had kept them, then their contributions would have rendered beggars from the outside world almost unnecessary. We should probably have had all we need.

At a certain corps the Treasurer backslid and left the corps. I forget what it was about. But he wandered away into the world. One night, after many years, he came to the barracks, was convicted, jumped up and cried out, "What comrade will go with me to the penitent form?" Any number volunteered. He was not there long before God forgave him, and then he jumped up again saying, "I have settled matters with my Heavenly Father, now I had better pay my debt to the corps. How much do I owe?" They soon reckoned up his Cartridge money, and what he would have given at the collections. The whole came to £27 and a few shillings, whereupon the ex-Treasurer wrote out a cheque for the amount, and went away rejoicing. But, alas! very few of our lost comrades act after this fashion. So only think how much we lose.

WHAT A LOSS OF INFLUENCE

AND POWER THESE DESERTERS FROM OUR RANKS INVOLVE. Only think what a mighty force the Army would be to-day if we had but kept all our own spiritual children, and made them into soldiers. We should have had a force that would have shaken the world.

WHAT A REPROACH THESE LOSSES ARE. Ministers and cold-blooded Christians, who seldom or never win a soul from the lower depths of iniquity themselves, are constantly casting these backsliders in my face. They say we lose our comrade. I answer, "Yes, we do lose SOME, but see what a mighty Army we keep!"

Still the loss is a great sorrow to us, is it not, my comrades? Do we not weep about it? Like the father who has the misfortune to say, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" the Army might cry out all the time, "Where are my wandering boys and girls? Where are they lodged, and what are they doing, and where are they going?"

Well may we pray with the song that says—

"Saviour, to Thee we humbly cry! The brethren we have lost restore; Recall them by Thy plying eye. And save them from the tempter's power;

By Thy victorious blood cast down, Nor suffer him to take their crown."

Now, what ought we to do? We ought to do something. I don't mean what ought we officers to do. Of course, we ought to pray, and wrestle, and preach, and struggle in every way possible, night and day. I am sure I want to do so myself. I think I do something. My lost comrades are seldom out of my eye and mind. Still I must do better.

But I am not asking what ought my officers to do, but my soldiers. On your dear comrades, some responsibility must rest. I am sure it does. Oh, that I could make you feel it.

Look at these wanderers. Some of them are your own flesh and blood. Are they to go to a backslider's hell?

Many of them have as I have already said, marched, and sung, and fought by your side. You loved them, and they loved you, in the days gone by. Are you willing to see them at the left hand of the throne?

YOU MUST DO SOMETHING.

If you could only win them back, what a help, every way, they would be to you. Oh, you must do something for them. What must that something be?

FIRST, YOU MUST CONDEMN THEM, AND THAT FROM YOUR VERY HEART. They have done wrong, very wrong, in deserting the Army. They have forsaken their flag and broken their vows, or if they have not gone over to the enemy openly, or sunk down into the depths of vice, they have gone out of the fight, and have made themselves a stumbling-block to friends and foes.

Second, runaways know they are wrong themselves. They cannot think of their conduct without misery. Even if other people did wrong to them, that does not alter the fact that they are wrong. No man or woman who has ever been a Salvationist in spirit and in truth can ever be happy outside the Army. Only one thing will relieve them from the intolerable burden of a guilty conscience—and that is, a return to the colors.

The world around these backsliders condemns them. Desertion from what is admitted to be a good cause is all but universally detested.

And you must condemn the ex-soldiers as well. You must condemn them in your heart.

No; all soldiers should be true to their Lord and the Army; and when they are not, the comrades who are true should condemn their conduct.

But is that all the soldier must do for his old friends? By no means. He must seek by every method in his power to bring his wandering comrades home again. He must feel his responsibility for this work. He must lay himself out for it.

Oh, if only you soldiers would do this! This letter will be read to almost every soldier in our ranks, and if everyone would just take upon his own heart the ex-soldiers whom he knows, and seek their restoration, what a tremendous God-glorifying result would follow!



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER L.—(Continued.)

The Vandals were another tribe of Teutons—tall, strong, fair-haired, and much like the Goths, and like them, they were Arians. They had invaded Italy, and then had followed the Goths to Spain, where they had established themselves in the south, in the country called from them, Vandalusia, or Andalusia. The chief was only too glad to obey the summons of Boniface, but before he came the Roman had found out his mistake; Placidia had apologized to him, and it all was right between them. But it was now too late; Genseric and his Vandals were on the way, and there was nothing for it but to fight his best against them.

He could not save Carthage, and, though he made the bravest defence in his power, he was driven into Hippo, which he strongly fortified, that he was able to hold it a whole year, during which time St. Augustine died, after a long illness. He had caused the seven penitential Psalms to be written out on the walls of his room, and was constantly musing on them. He died, and was buried in peace before the city was taken. Boniface held out for five years altogether before Africa was entirely taken by the Vandals, and a miserable time began for the church, for Genseric was no Arian, and set himself to crush out the Catholic Church by taking away her buildings, and grievously persecuting her faithful bishops.

Valentinian III. made a treaty with him, and even yielded up to him all right to the old Roman Province of Africa; but Genseric had a strong fleet of ships, and went on attacking and plundering Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Italy, and the coasts of Greece. Britain, at the same time, was so tormented by the attacks of the Saxons by sea, and the Caledonians from the north, that her chiefs sent a piteous letter to Aetius in Gaul, beginning with, "The groans of the Britons." But Aetius could send no help, and Gaul itself was being overrun by the Goths in the south, the Burgundians in the middle, and the Franks in the north, so that scarcely more than Italy itself remained to Valentinian.

The eastern half of the Empire was better off, though it was tormented by the Persians in the East, on the northern border by the Eastern Goths or Ostrogoths, who had stayed on the banks of the Danube instead of coming to Italy, and to the south by the Vandals from Africa. But Fulcherius was so wise and good that, when her young brother, Theodosius II., died without children, the people begged her to choose a husband who might be an Emperor for them. She chose a wise old senator, named Marcian, and when he died, she again chose another good and wise man, named Zeno, and thus the eastern Empire stood while the west was fast crumbling away. The nobles were almost all vain, weak cowards, and left strangers to fight their battles; and every one was covered with fear, for a more terrible foe than any was now coming on them.



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS A SALVATION ARMY VERSION.

By CAPTAIN COPPERFIELD.

CHAPTER III.

GOODWILL.—"That mountain has been the death of many, and will be the death of many more. It is well that you escaped being dashed to pieces by it."

CHRISTIAN.—"I do not know what would have become of me there, had not Salvationist met me again, as I was fretting over my lost condition. It was through God's mercy that he came, otherwise I would never have reached here. Now that I am come, I feel my unworthiness, and realize what a favor my Lord bestows upon me by admitting me to this place."

G.—"We do not object to any coming here, notwithstanding all that they have done before, if they are only sorry, and will come they will in no wise be cast out. Therefore, come with me, and I will teach you some things about the way you must go. Look ahead; do you not see this narrow way? There is no other road that leads to Zion. It is too straight for crooked people to walk along it, and because of this many choose some other way."

"But," said Christian, "are there no turnings, or windings, by which a stranger may lose himself?"

G.—"Yes; there are many other ways, some of which branch off from this one. They are crooked, and wide; but you can tell this from all others on account of its being straight and narrow."

Then I saw, in my dream, that Christian asked him if he could not help him off with the burden of sin that was upon his back; for he had not yet got rid of it, nor did he know how to.

He replied, "As to your burden, it will fall off of itself, when you get on both your knees at the penitent form that Salvationist must have told you about."

The House of Correction.

Then Christian got ready to resume his journey, and was directed by Goodwill to proceed to the House of Correction, where he was told to knock. Here he would be shown some very striking things. So Christian took leave of his friend, who, raising his right hand, and pointing upward, said, "God bless you!"

Then he went on, as directed, until he came to this House of Correction, at the door of which he knocked over and over. At length a man in uniform came and asked him who he was, and what he wanted.

C.—"Sir, I am a traveler to Zion, who was bid by an acquaintance of

the proprietor of this establishment to call here for my profit. I would, therefore, speak to the Captain-in-charge."

So he called for Captain Explain'em, who, after a little while, came to Christian, and asked him what he wanted.

"Captain," said Christian, "I am from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; I am told by the door-keeper, whom I found at the gate, that if I called here you would correct my many false notions, and be helpful to me on my journey."

Then said the Captain, "God bless you, my son! Come in at once, and I will show you all the show, and let it a candle, and bid Christian follow him."

The Glorious Picture.

Then he led him into a private room, having on the wall a picture which shone upon a framed picture, hung against the wall. It was a large photograph of a remarkable Man. His eyes were lifted to heaven; the Book of Books, was in his right hand; the law of truth seemed to be written on His lips. Yet he stood as if He pleaded with men; and above His head a crown of glory-gold was plainly seen suspended.

Then said Christian, "What does this mean?"

CAPTAIN.—The Man whose picture this is, is unlike any other. He can begot children, travel in birth with children, and nurse them Himself when they are born. His eyes are lifted up to heaven, the best of books is in His hands, the law of truth on His lips, to show us His work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners, and to correct those who err. He has cast the world behind Him, and a crown of glory-gold hangs over His head, to show others that if they treat the world with its pleasures, fashions, wealth, and judgment in it similar manner, that they, too, shall obtain a crown of glory, when the conflict is over."

"Now," continued the Captain, "I have shown you this picture first, because the Man it represents is the only One whom the Lord of Zion has authorized to be your Guide in all the difficult and perplexing places you will have to travel over. I have introduced you to the soldier's Guide. You will meet with some who will pretend to lead you right, and by an easier way, too; beware of them. They will neither enter the Kingdom of Heaven themselves, nor do they really wish others to."

The Sweeping.

Then Captain Explain'em took him by the hand, and led him into a very large room, the floor of which was covered with dust, because it was never swept. Then he called for a man to sweep it. So a very ancient-looking man came. Now, when it was being swept, the dust began to fly about in such a way that Christian was nearly suffocated. Then said the Captain to a Hallelujah Lassie that stood by, "End water and sprinkle the floor." When she had done this the room was easily swept.

Then said Christian, "What is the meaning of this?"

The Captain answered, "This parlor represents the natural heart of a man. The dust is the sin that defiles and blackens his whole heart. He that begins to sweep at first is the Law. But she that brought water and sprinkled it is the Gospel. The Law, instead of cleansing the heart by its working, stirs up sin, even as it was against it, but it does not cast it out, nor can it. Again, as you saw that lassie sprinkle the room with water, so that it might easily be swept, in like manner the Gospel comes, in sweet and precious influences to the heart. Then is sin subdued, and driven out, and the soul made clean, even for the King of Glory to dwell in it."

Then I saw, in my dream, that the

Captain led him by the hand into a small room, where at his two little children, each sitting on his own chair. The name of the eldest was Master Passion, and the name of the other Miss Patience. He seemed quite discontented, and his face wore a frown, but she was very quiet and smiled sweetly. When Christian asked, "Why is Passion discontented?" the Captain answered, "Their Governor would have them wait for their best things until the beginning of the next year, but he prefers having all now, while Patience is willing to wait."

Passion's Rejoicing.

Then I saw one come to Passion, and bring him a bag of treasure, which he emptied at his feet. It contained toys, jewelry, novels, cigarettes, and similar things. So Master Passion rejoiced in the possession of these so-called pleasures, and said that his companion was a fool for not claiming her share, too. But as I looked on for a while, I noticed that he had lavished all away, and had nothing left but rags.

Then said Christian to the Captain, "Explain this matter more fully to me." So he said, "These two are figures, one of this world, the other of that which is to come. As you see, Passion will have all that he can now; that is, in this world. So are the men of this world, they will have all of their good things now. They cannot stop until next year (that is, until the next world) for their goods. That proverb, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' is more to them than many a text of Scripture. But you saw that he had quickly lavished all away. So will it be with all such at the end of this world."

Then I saw, in my dream, that the Captain took Christian by the hand and led him into a place where there was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, throwing buckets of water upon it to quench it. Yet did the fire burn higher, and with greater heat.

Then said Christian, "What means this?"



"He who casts water upon it to put it out is the devil."

The Captain answered, "This fire is the work of grace that is wrought in the heart; he that casts water upon it to put it out is the devil." Then he led him to the other side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, which he was secretly throwing into the fire.

Then said Christian, "And what does this mean?"

The Captain answered, "This is the Christ, Who, with the oil of His grace, continually maintains the work already begun in the heart; by which means, notwithstanding the continual efforts of the devil, the souls of His people still burn with love."

I saw, also, that the Captain took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where there was a very beautiful palace. At the sight of it Christian was greatly delighted, especially as he saw walking on the top of it certain persons clothed in glory-gold. Then said Christian, "May we go up?"

(To be continued.)

THE GRAND OLD CHART.

WHERE THE BIBLE COMES IN.

Much is said about the use of the Bible. We are taught that we should read it every day. Why is it so important that we should do this?

This question will be largely answered when we consider what the Bible is, and why it was given to us. It is the word of God. In it God speaks to us. Its content is,

What the Father has to Say to His Children.

We cannot see God. No one can journey to heaven to learn about Him and then tell us all about His character. But in the Bible we have revelations about God, made by the Holy Spirit, through holy men. From these we learn what God Himself is, what His will is, also our own condition and need, and how we may be saved. How we must live, if we would be blessed and at last reach heaven.

In the New Testament we learn of the most wonderful revealing of God. The Son of God Himself came to this earth, and lived here as a man. First, He showed us in His own life what God is. He said, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." In His teachings He told us of the love of God for us, and made plain the way of duty. Then He gave His life for us to redeem us, bearing our sins on His cross. Having done this, He rose again, proving Himself Master of the tomb, enemy, and returned to heaven to be our Father and Intercessor there. Thus we have in the Gospel

The Very Words of the Son of God.

Who came from heaven to be our Saviour. God Himself spoke through Him in human language.

When we think in this way of what the Bible is, we begin to understand why we should read it, and how it may help us. It tells us what God is—He is holy, righteous, just, faithful, sin, yet merciful, forgiving, loving the sinner. It tells us that we are sinners, and that if we do not repent we shall perish. It tells us of the only way of salvation, by faith in Christ. It tells us how we should live when we become Christians. The book is full of words of instruction, of warnings against the world's dangers, of promises of help in times of need, of comfort for us when we are in trouble or sorrow. We are to go to it, therefore, for guidance, for light on our pathways, for advice and counsel, to learn what God would have us to do, and to receive comfort, encouragement, help, and enrichment of character.

We need to read the Bible, therefore, that

We May Learn How to Live,

and that we may get the help of God on our way. We should read it every day, not as a mere religious form, but that we may always have the light of His wisdom on our way, that we may never get away from the thought of God's voice. In this world of sin and temptation, where there are so many things to draw us away, we need to be reminded continually that we belong to God, that this is not our home, that while in the world we are not of it, and that we should live always to please God, and to be a blessing to others. We are to read the Bible every day, to get God's thought about the way of duty, and God's help in meeting it. Not to read it is to go without guidance, to carry no lantern in our hand as we walk along the dark paths, and to miss the Divine encouragement and comfort in trying and perplexing circumstances. Those who do not habitually use the Bible are altogether unaware of what blessing and good they are shutting out of their lives.

When we think of what the Bible is and of what it has to give us, it is easy also to understand how we should read it. We should read it as God's own word, and should listen for His voice in every sentence. We should read it with a heart, eager to learn what His teachings are, and to know what He may love Him more, to discover our own faults and sins that we may put them away, and to find out what God's will is for us, so that we may do it. We should read it, ready even to accept its teaching, and obey them, to put away the evil it shows us in ourselves, to repent of the sin of which it convicts us, and to do the duty it makes plain to us.



"Then Capt. Explain'em took him by the hand and led him into a very large room."



Important councils and meetings have been conducted by the Marchale in Brussels which have created a deep feeling of sympathy for the Army and its work.

THE COMMISSIONER will deeply appreciate any gifts of
1. money, food, clothing, or suitable books for the libraries of
the Rescue Homes. Donors should address proposals to
The Commissioner, 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York 17, N.Y.

The following are the names of the Rescue Homes in the United States and Canada:

The Evangeline Home for Children, 36 Fairley Ave., Toronto, Ont.
The Industrial Home, 605 Yonge St., Toronto.
The Children's Home, 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York 17, N.Y.
"Fort Hope" Rescue Home, 744 Adams St., Toronto.
The Children's Home, 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York 17, N.Y.
The Homestead, 205 St. James St., St. John, N.B.
The Little Red House, 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York 17, N.Y.
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The Artists', 71 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.
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Redemption House, 40 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.
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"Mercy Home," 1241 Comby St., Vancouver, B.C.
"Buddha Temple," 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York 17, N.Y.
Montreal, P.Q.

THE "POTLATCH."

As It is in Fact, Not in Fiction.

By ENSIGN THORKELOSON.

"Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."—Rom. v. 12.

THAT sin, and death in its wake, has indeed found its way to all men, even to the remotest nook of this earth, seems to be the best explanation why each locality, wherever it has any peculiar good of its own or not, should be its own local. But there is no reason why evils should not be rooted up, when men have seen them in their true light, and their own experience has proved the folly of evil practice.

Ont here on the Upper Skeena we have not been spared the invasion of evil, and isolated as we may be, sin, and the love for it, and the consequences of it—death—were here before any balm, or remedy for it, or salvation from it, were known.

We have our peculiar evil to contend with, as well as the rest of Adam's race. It might have been drunkenness, if the wherewithal to get drunk on had not been prohibited to the natives, but fortunately it has not. Yet whiskey is here, and it finds its way too often into hands that should not handle it. But our peculiar evil is known under the name of the "Potlatch." It is taken from the Chinook Jargon, and means: to give. The Kitchikan word for it is "Tahk."

White people take these gatherings to be feasts, given by certain men or parties charitably inclined, at which they divide up their belongings, and give them away to help the poor, and so forth. The white man, however, that a potlatch is not merely a feast, nor can it in any way be considered a charitable or religious affair; it branches out so far, and is so complicated, that I suppose I shall never know all its motives and influence on the mind and character of the Indian. But if anyone believes that an Indian, before Christianity or civilization reaches him, would go to the trouble to work and save up the times for years, in order to give it all to help the poor, he knows nothing about his true character.

The Indian is Not So Fond of Work

as that, and in far too many instances he leaves his old and feeble relatives to shift for themselves entirely. And those who have a chance to look into his real motives will soon be convinced that selfishness is the ruling motive, and in his heathen state he has got just the ambition to be a "smoliget," or chief, to know and feel it as often and as much as possible, and to that end he works and saves up, to squander it all on some fine day.

In order to be considered anybody at all, here as elsewhere, the steps must be taken on the social ladder of his class, and these steps can only be taken at a "potlatch," and every one of them must be paid for with gifts to the witnesses; of course, what is given away is expected back in full some day, either in honor or vain-glory to himself or his ancestors, or in substance.

The heathen child gets his name, or if the contents of the purse, or the bulk of the goods will allow it, his name, at the potlatch, and his father is too poor to bestow a name on his child, the uncle, if able, may do so, it as the son does not follow the father (that would be a queer way to the Indian mind), then the mother, the uncle, and all the children belong to the mother's tribe.

Later in life, man or woman may be able to distinguish themselves quite a lot in the "ga-hilim," or dog-eating dance. This is something new, in the long past, as there are several people, not old either, living right here as Christians now, who have taken that degree. Then there is the "o-la-la," or man-eating dance, where one has to band the honor of biting and, if pos-

sible, tearing pieces out of another, and then paying in full for the damage; and the "o-na-na," or "ga-mik-his," or destroying dances, where they would go through the motions of eating the most expensive things they could find, and the owner would have no objection, as it would not be done before the deer were able and willing to pay (not cost price either) for all damage done, and the man who was the owner would get that far. The poor man can not rise in Indian esteem, as he has not got the means to pay for the elevation, and no matter what he may be entitled to, he will soon be cut out by the one who can.

I look upon it, and write about it, with disgust, and the Christian Indian talks about it in the same way. I consider it

An Evil from Every Point of View, because it is entirely opposed, not only to Christianity, but to civilization and progress.

It is a standing temptation, and it induces, in a directly or indirectly, those who have started a new or better mode of living to sink back again.

It is ruin to health and strength, physically and morally, to those taking part in it, besides a waste of time, in several months of the year was spent in that way. It is a waste of money by people who cannot afford it, because when the potlatch is over there is not much left except the totem poles. They have marked on their spears and on their clothing the cost to raise each, and are proud to point to them as the monuments of imagined greatness and glory of self or ancestor.

Yet there are not in any way too proud to receive thanks for nothing. I have seen some of them complaining of having to pay a few cents for medicine to a man who gives all his time, free of charge, to their service.

Although the practices are restricted, I believe they could, with good reason, and for the people's own good, be entirely abolished. It is not practiced any more by the majority. It is not practiced by a people who know no other or better way, for the Gospel has been preached to them for many years, by good men, who have lived clean, sober and blameless lives before them, and nearly every one of them have seen more or less of the benefits and comforts civilization brings. They are able to live without their "swanagee," and they are not so fond of rattling over the sick. People who have been up here longer than I, and know far more about affairs than I do, can tell and prove of a number of

Accidents, Quarrels, Fights and Bloodshed, that have been the direct outcome of these gatherings.

The Christian Indian has, or tries to get, a house and home for his own family, and arranges it as near as he can like those of civilized people. In this his outside life is clean, sober, protected, and obstacles and temptations shunned, if possible, be taken out of his way. The house of the heathen, for home it could not be called (the word in our sense is not in their language), has no entrance, no porch, no doors, and perhaps two windows in front. It has a large square hole in the centre of the roof, so that the smoke from the fire underneath may have free scope. The recent ones may have a few ornaments, but there are no divisions or partitions in it. The natives call themselves "a-in-giglat," or a people who live openly, and so indeed they do; their houses are not built for one, but for several families. The outside ornaments are the totem poles, which it takes a crude artist to execute; the design, of course, requires a certain amount of knowledge, as they are very particular that a man puts no more hideous figures on it than he is entitled to, and the potlatch dogs is always camped around the door, watching every possible, and trying many impossible, chances to get in, and it takes quite a strong argument for anyone to get in or out, and besides the house is full of unwelcome dogs. During the potlatch every heathen house is crowded day and night with men and women, married and single, old and young, sick and healthy, and

It Does Not Require a Solomon to See why the health of the people is im-

paired, or the reason why morality is low amongst them.

I spent two weeks in Kitchikan this winter while a potlatch was going on, and I saw how the people were living, and saw them preparing their food, mixing and saturating it all, from fruit to bread, with dilk, or fish oil, the smell alone of which would make it repulsive to a white man. I heard the noise of their songs, and dances, and the cry, and their swanagee, or rattling over their sick people. I saw them raising their new poles, and the sums marked on the old ones (the cost of one was over \$900), and the filth and dirt in evidence everywhere I could not breathe.

All this may hold its novelty for some, but there is absolutely no attractions in any of the proceedings for me, and it is my prayer that if man cannot or will not, God in some way or other would stop the whole business, so that the many, and the young, and the brightest, who have, by hard toil, been led into a healthier life, should not be swamped again, and the others, at least, prevented from destroying themselves.

Stray Sparks FROM PICTON'S D.O.

I have just finished my third trip around the District. Monday, March 19th, found me, accompanied by my little daughter, Alice, who sings in the meetings, on the train, bound for

Trenton.

The smiling face of Captain Green greeted us at the station. We were piloted to the quarters, where Alice soon made herself at home with the three graces—Fate, Ruth, and Grace Green. We sat down at eight, after a lively meeting, in which Alice sang, "I know He hears for me," and "Let a little sunshine in." Seven years ago I supplied here for one Sunday, as Lieutenant, and I met many people in the course of my mission, and were standing good to-day. Praise God! We left next morning for

Tweed

with great expectation for a good time, and were not disappointed. Ensign Jones has done a big thing for God and the Army here, nobly assisted by his energetic, and accomplished wife. The satisfaction of over 1,000. We marched at night about twenty strong, which only represented half the corps. A proper lot of blood-and-fire young people have joined the corps during the past three months. The corps is now a fine body of forty-five visible, respectable, comely, out-door soldiers, and is a live concern. Hallelujah! The Zobo Cornet band, made up of Seniors and Juniors, is a great help to the march, and "To the meeting, Ensign, I am sorry to say, is feeling the strain of the hard work he has been doing in Tweed; but is happy in knowing that many have turned from their evil ways. A twenty-five-mile stage drive brings me to

Bellevue,

where I was stationed, as Lieutenant, seven years ago, with Adj. Blackburn and Capt. (now Adj.) Patterson. Oh, Bellevue, what shall I say of thee? Truly, the place is a city. Evangelist Shivers was not far wrong in his denunciations of the sins of its people. However, Capt. and Mrs. Carter have nobly held their own, and have faced a difficult concern. I had the pleasure of seeing the new boy-Cadet, which arrived a month ago. As a baby he is a "howling success," and will make a grand open-air worker some day, like his pa. Mrs. Carter is far from well, and needs rest. Here we got to Bellevue, where we have seen for a long time. About twenty-five people gave \$2.80 in a few minutes. One young girl who was badly convicted of sin would not yield because she was not willing to become a soldier. May the Lord help her.

—Richard Pugh, D. O.

From Death Springs Life

Or, THOUGHTS ON THE LIFE OF
LIEUT. WATERBORN.

By STAFF-CAPT. JOST.

I look it in my hand and looked at it, a tiny little dark thing, without even a suggestion of life or beauty about it, or even usefulness; nor could the most vivid imagination see in it any promise of ever being anything more, at any future time, than it now was, just a solitary little grain of wheat, I said, with the rest of its like, hundreds of thousands.

A few days after it was taken, with many others, and thrown broadcast upon the upturned earth in a field. What for? To die; to be thrown away, not even ground up for flour, but just seemingly thrown away, its little life ended.

A few weeks pass away. Where the little grain had fallen we see some little fresh green leaves shooting up into the light. They grow. Soon the stalks stand up, and then scores of little grains, just like the little one thrown away, are seen.

Whence Came They?

If we dig down to the root of the stalk we will find only the empty husk, and no seed grain. In the darkness of life, like the husk, we have in the hands of the Master, had been multiplied and reproduced in those seen waving in the sunlight above. From death has come life.

—

A twelve-month or so ago, living on the northern shores of Newfoundland, Canada, I saw the heart of one who had been saved by the love of Christ and brought into touch with Him, to devote her life to His service. She left her home, intent on the carrying-out of her purpose. Instead of being at the altar and hoped, a post at the front of the battle, God saw fit to allow her to be placed where the greater part of the toll and labor was boded the scenes. Her life, like the little grain of wheat under the soil, seemed to be hidden, and out of sight of the world, except by God and the angels. Still she toiled on, though often tempted to feel that the desire of her heart to be a soul-winner was not being accomplished.

Her Daily Ministering

to the bodily needs of the little ones in the nursery, and the older ones in the Home, seemed a very round-about way to the pathway of a soul-winner. At last there came a time when even that work was taken from her, and she was laid aside, till, through suffering and penitence, another work was still lower, until at last the call came. Her work for God on earth was finished when seemingly it had just begun.

To the unthinking her life seemed thrown away, like the little grain of wheat, to perish unnoticed in the darkness. How strange, how mysterious, when she had wanted so much to work for her Master, that her life should thus have been cut short before it had seemed to accomplish anything, and to have definite fruits of her sacrifice for Him.

But, wait! As she lay in the casket in the Army barracks, at the invitation of the officer in charge, one after another,

Five Precious Souls Wept Their Way to the Cross.

while all over the building, as the story of her consecrated life and peaceful death was told, men and women soothed with emotion, and we believe that the angels who have received the results of new-made vows to live for God as she had done.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." Sometimes the sacrifice is such as is described by St. Paul, "I die daily." God asks of some a long life of daily sacrifice for the good of others. Of others He demands but a short term of such, and then cuts short the work in rich, and the work is done. The work of using lives consecrated to Him, but in all He will be glorified in our bringing forth much fruit if our lives are really sacrificed for Him. There is no Easter in any life until there has been a Calvary. From death springs life.

BATTLE-BULLETINS

A Revival.

ATROLEA.—A revival has broken out and eleven precious souls have knelt at the Cross for salvation. We give God all the glory and pray for more. —C. W. Peacock, Cadet.

Fifty Seekers.

BARRIE.—The three services held in the Army barracks on Good Friday were marked with spiritual victories, good crowds, and favorable results in general. At night Adj. Burrows enrolled eight soldiers, commissioned two Local Officers, and promoted one Sergeant to the rank of Sgt.-Major. Ensign Perry, late of the North-West, assisted in all the Easter services, and conducted a beautiful illustrated service on Monday night, entitled "The S. A. in the Klondike," which was heartily enjoyed by the large crowd present. Six weeks' revival meetings were concluded with much praise to God for the spiritual good accomplished during the same. Over fifty persons sought for holiness and pardon. —Barrie Gazette.

A Young Drummer.

BLENNHEIM.—On Sunday Capt. Mathers made us farewell, after five months' faithful service under great difficulties. Comrades Rumble, Hills, and Remington sang, with genuine accompaniment, "God be with you till we meet again." May God bless the Captain in her new field of labor. We had a special meeting on Friday, when the Juniors took the prominent part. A song by Sec. Hills and the Juniors, with clapping of hands, was well rendered. Exercises by Herbie, Irene, and Sarah Clemens were the chief attractions, the youngest being under four years of age. We also had a children's Sunday, which was very interesting. Herbie Clemens, our youngest drummer, is six and a-half years old. The Easter Cry was a beauty, and sold well. —Eva Groom.

Young Soldiers were well received, and all are sold out. Sgt. H. I. Northcott.

Some Under and Some Over.

BRAMPTON.—On Saturday and Sunday we had a visit from Capt. and Mrs. McClelland, Capt. Cornish, and Lieut. Peacock—just the right hand to make things lively. We started with a reviving open-air on Saturday and followed by a lively free-and-easy inside. A small, but blessed, knee-drill at 7 a.m. prepared us for Sunday's fight. At 10:30, with colors flying and cornets blowing, we marched round the town. On arriving at the railway track we found our way blocked by a freight train. Determined not to be beaten or delayed we crossed, some under, and some over the cars. A real good holiness meeting followed, in which we concentrated ourselves afresh to God. In the afternoon and evening strong appeals to sinners were made by the visiting officers, but none would yield. —Cadet Edwards.

A Great Battle.

BRANDON.—At 7 a.m. we met for sword-sharpening, and God did not disappoint us, but gave us one soul. At 10:30 our forces were gathered to drive the enemy. There was some heavy firing, but none were taken. Again at six the forces were mobilized. A determined to give the devil no quarter, and God came and poured His Spirit upon us. At eight o'clock we opened fire on the enemy, and so poured in some very heavy brasses, which made the enemy tremble. Then the Adj. changed the attack, and divided her soldiers. She sent one half around behind, with the result that five souls were taken from the enemy. We finished with a lance song, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow." —J. T. J.

A Serious Illness.

BROCKVILLE.—Two weeks ago I arrived here and found Capt. Pierce just commencing to improve after a serious illness. Things did not look the brightest, but hard work and faith bring the victory. During the two weeks seven souls have sought and found the Saviour. Hallelujah! —M.

A Poor Wanderer.

CARBONARA.—God is blessing our labors. Late in the afternoon we were with us all day Sunday, on their way to their stations. We had a blessed time, and at the close one poor wanderer came back to the fold. —Sgt. Major Taylor, R. C.

A Great Salvation Blaze.

CARLETON.—Last week six souls sought God, and another one came last night. Four recruits are now waiting enrolment. The crowds are coming up fine, and we are believing for a great salvation blaze. —Hudson and McWilliams.

He has Taken His Place.

DESERONTO.—I am glad to report good times. Large crowds attend the meetings on Sunday evenings, and one backslider has returned and taken his place in the war. Glory to God! —Corps-Cadet B. Rodgers.

Full of Faith and Faith.

DUNDAS.—On Saturday night Major Pickering (our new P. O.) accompanied by Staff-Capt. Stanoy and Adj. DesBrisay, paid a visit to Dundas des. The Major spoke in his characteristic way, and was a great blessing to us. On Sunday one backslider was brought back to the field, and started stronger than ever on the right path. Others were deeply moved. The soldiers are on fire and full of night and faith, and we are looking for great victories in the future. —Lieut. M. Porter.

Red Hot Brigade.

GRAND FORKS.—The Red-Hot Brigade was with us for a week. Our open-air were largely attended, and the barracks was crowded every night. Two souls sought salvation on Sunday night. This is good, but we are believing for more. —W. J. Mansell, Cadet.

Fourteen Souls Captured.

HAMILTON.—The visit of Major Pickering and Staff-Capt. Stanoy was a success, and fourteen souls were captured. We feel that the Major is not only a leader but a brother. His welcome on Good Friday was all that could be desired. As far as introduction was concerned, it was not needed, as he felt right at home. Capt. Rennie, of St. Catharines, spoke on behalf of that corps. Capt. McCann and Cadet Hill, of As. far as introduction was their respective commands, while Staff-Capt. Stanoy welcomed the Major on behalf of the Central Ontario Province. Capt. McCann has farwelled from No. 11, after seven months' faithful labor for God. Five young men were enrolled as soldiers. The Captain has done a good work in this corps. —R. O.

A Sad Farewell.

HURON ST.—We were glad to have Capt. Charlton and Fred. Young with us, but it was with deep regret that we heard of the farewell of Capt. and Mrs. Liston and Sister Palmer. For seven months Capt. and Mrs. Liston have been toiling here, and they have been a blessing to us. We had an enrolment on Sunday, when one dear sister took her stand as a soldier of old No. 1.—M. J. Langridge.

Easter Services.

LISGAR ST.—Twenty-two soldiers met for a 7 o'clock knee-drill on Good Friday morning. We had a good open-air in the afternoon, and a service of song at night. Easter Sunday was a day long to be remembered. We started in the morning at 6:30 with a march, headed by the band, and thirty-five men full of zeal. The holiness meeting was a heart-searching time. Ex-Capt. Rowe was with us. Bro. McFarland sang a solo. In the afternoon and evening the Ibbotson Family were with us, and those who did not hear them missed a treat. They are wonderfully gifted for music and singing. The little drummer-boy is but three years old, and beats the drum in perfect time. The barracks was filled to overflowing in the evening, and altogether we had good Easter meetings. —S. McFarland, R.C.

All Things are Possible with God.

LONDON.—We were pleased to see Mrs. A. H. Wadsworth at the meetings to-day (Sunday) after an absence of some seventeen weeks. Although she is still very poorly, all things are possible with God, and we are hoping she will soon be well and strong again. At the night meeting Lieut. Kitchen said good-bye, after spending five months of faithful fighting here. The Lieutenant takes with her the prayers and best wishes of the London comrades. The meetings closed for the day with two in the fountain. —C. S. M.

Walked Seven Miles.

NEW GLASGOW.—Saturday night was the Brigadier's welcome, and after a short introduction, he took hold and led a real salvation meeting. Conviction was stamped on many faces, and on Sunday the break came. In the holiness meeting five came out, including two backsliders. God's Spirit came upon us at night, and as the Brigadier spoke of those who had lost Jesus, the truth sank deep, and we had the joy of seeing seven, mostly backsliders, take a stand for the Master. Quite a few danced in good style. Without a doubt, the Brigadier has won a warm spot in our hearts. One convert of a week or so in women walked from Eureka, over seven miles, to attend the meetings. Another young lad who walked from the same place, was enrolled in the afternoon, and walked back at night. He is a Candidate, and there are others around here who are about to enter themselves for the work. —"Hand."

Among the Dry Bones.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—On Friday night we had a visit to Sapperton, which is about two miles from the city. The S. A. has some warm friends here. The Methodist Church

was kindly loaned us for the occasion, and was well filled with a very nice crowd, who enjoyed the meeting immensely. The music was furnished by our little band, some of whom are up-to-date musicians. On Tuesday night we had a social gathering of soldiers and friends. A hundred or more sat down to a comfortable repast, and a very happy time was spent. We are doing our best to weaken the forces of the enemy, and are believing for a mighty shaking among the dry bones. —Cadet R. Prowse.



Dear Editor,—

The War Cry is devoured immemorially it reaches here, and I think it is the best paper for Salvationists, Christians, sinners, and, in fact, everybody else. Trust me for pushing it. It is a good thing, and I pass it on.

Yours affectionately,

HARRY HUSTLER.

The Renowned Singer.

NEWCASTLE.—On Friday night we had one soul, and on Sunday night four sought salvation. The children took the platform on Sunday afternoon, led by the famous renowned singer. Crowds are good. War Cry sold. Lieutenant is a hustler. Capt. Brown and Lieut. Duncan, with Newcastle soldiers, are in for victory. —A Soldier.

The End of the Siege.

NORTH SYDNEY.—We had a hustling time last Sunday, with five souls seeking salvation. We have just been favored with a visit from our new P. O., Brigadier Sharp. Both soldiers and friends gave the Brigadier a real hearty welcome, and the audience rose to their feet, in answer to Adj. Dowell's invitation, to give the P. O. a welcome. Nearly forty soldiers turned out to the open-air, and a large crowd stood around, and was very much pleased with Capt. Fleming's solo singing. This being the end of the Siege, the P. O. enrolled eleven recruits, bringing our roll up to thirty, with seven others for next enrolment. We finished up at 10:30 with one soul at the Mercy Seat. The D. O., Adj. Dowell was on his farewell tour. He goes to Halifax Corps and District. Our new anar drum has just arrived, and one of our last Sunday's converts is beating it for Jesus. —G. P. T.

Through Mud and Rain.

OTTAWA.—Of late we have had rain and mud, and wetness of meetings. Brigadier Pugmire has said good-bye, and we have had the pleasure of giving Major Turner a welcome to Ottawa. Although there was plenty of rain and mud, a very good crowd turned out for the march and welcome meeting. Sgt. Major Webster, on behalf of the Local Officers of the corps, gave a few words of welcome, and Bandmaster Duncan, on behalf of the band, Envoy Magee, from the conjuring circuit, gave a good stirring welcome to the Major, and Mrs. Adj. Kendall spoke on behalf of the lassies



Cané, Trickey and Bro. Coffin, Glace Bay, O.B.

One Hundred and Twenty-three.

RONAVISTA.—We are capturing more prisoners for God. Nineteen souls have sought salvation during the last two weeks, and sixteen recruits are ready for the next enrolment, which takes place soon. Our knee-drill attendance is increasing. Forty-two were out on Sunday morning, and one hundred and twenty-three on the unruh. —Lieut. R. Rogers.

Easter Blessings.

BOTHWELL.—Capt. Harman, who has worked well and faithfully in our midst for several months, has farwelled. We shall miss him very much. On Easter Sunday the meetings were good, the attendance and attention being all that could be desired. Three were enrolled as soldiers. In the night meeting many souls seemed burdened with their load of sin, but none would yield, though one dear brother asked us to pray for him. We are praying, working, and believing for a further break in the enemy's ranks soon. I might just say the Easter Cry and

of the corps. The Major responded in real earnest, and took right hold of the people. The knee-drill was a good one, and the 11 o'clock holliness meeting was well attended. The afternoon and night meetings were excellent, and there were some good conversions. We had a grand march through the mud and rain at night. Our soldiers are made of the right kind of stuff on that line. God is truly working in our midst, but we would like to see greater advances. We are having an enrollment of recruits this week, when half-a-dozen ought to be enrolled.—Kendall.

Witches at the War.

PICOTN.—Since last report we have had a visit from Capt. Poole, the new G. B. M. Agent. A very good crowd turned out to welcome the Captain to our pretty little town. The service was entitled, "Life-Story of Billy McLeod," and "Mistakes of the War." Everyone was well pleased, and so was the Captain when he disposed of all the G. B. M. Boxes he had with him. We all join in saying, "Come again."—Lillie Love.

Will Soon be Broken.

PRESCOTT.—Since last report we have said good-bye to Lieut. Rutledge and have welcomed Capt. Weir back from his furlough. The soldiers are set on fire for souls. Our crowds are good, and we believe the devil's ranks are going to be broken soon.—Matthew Brimson, Jr. C.

Three Recruits and Two Wanderers

PRINCE ALBERT.—Ensign Stalger, the new T. P. S., spent the week-end with us. Three recruits were enrolled on Sunday afternoon. At the lantern service on Monday night the barracks were crowded, and the finances were excellent. Two wanderers came back to God. Come again, Ensign.—Oulooker.

The Ibbotson Family.

RIVERSIDE. Since last report we have had good times. We had a visit from Bro. Ibbotson and family, and Staff-Capt. Archibald. The people enjoyed the Staff-Captain's talk, and we could see the Spirit of God striving with them. The hall was crowded to the door. We give them a hearty invitation back again. Corps Cadet McCamey.

The Soul-Saving Troupe.

SEAFORTH.—The Junior and Band of Love work is on the up-grade at Seaforth. Capt. and Mrs. Coy have worked hard during their command, and God has blessed their efforts. Our crowds were good, but the visible results did not come up to our expectations; however, we did our best, and feel sure that a work was done for God. The town was greatly stirred, and the devil was very mad, and even tried to get one of his servants to drive through our open-air ring on the Monday night. We stood our ground, however. A large crowd of people gathered around a few minutes, giving us the opportunity of warning them to flee from the wrath to come.—W. F.

The T. P. S. Welcomed.

SNOHOMISH.—Everything looks bright. On March 29th, 30th, and 31st Ensign Andrews was with us. We had a lovely meeting on Friday night, and on Saturday the magic lantern service was enjoyed by all. We had three open-air meetings all day on Sunday, and the Ensign was a great blessing to us. He was very much taken up with Snohomish and its people, and he made many friends while here who will give him a hearty welcome back. Our open-air meetings were something grand, and everyone listened with the greatest interest.—Capt. Perreoud.

A Lift on the Way.

SOMERSET. Ber. — On Thursday night our D. O. A. M. Elder, paid us a visit, who the brass band from the city, which gave us a lift on the way. We had a glorious time together. The band rendered some nice music, which drew a large crowd. The barracks were nearly packed out, and the collection was very good, amounting to \$6.61. Capt. Bell and Lieut. McLeod are still battling against sin, and believing for a break in the devil's ranks soon.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

Scores of Sinners

SPOKANE.—Eight souls have sought salvation, and one came for sanctification since last report. Our dear officers, Staff-Capt. Galt and Capt. LeDrew, have received orders to farewell. To say we are very sorry they are leaving us is but a feeble way of expressing ourselves. They have endeared themselves to our hearts by the solid, earnest, persevering efforts they have put forth to encourage the poor sinner to come to Christ. Scores of sinners have been saved since they took charge of the corps. May God bless them in their new appointment. The new officers may rest assured of the hearty co-operation of the Spokane corps.—Joe Logan, R. C.

Such a Large Crowd

SUMMERBIDE.—The Lord has been blessing the work of our new officers, Capt. Anderson and Lieut. Chandler. Crowds and finances are increasing, and we have had the joy of seeing a few souls come to God. Many more are under deep conviction, and we are believing for great things in the future. This week we had the pleasure of a visit from our new T. P. S., Ensign Parker. We never saw such a large crowd at a lantern service before, and everybody was delighted with it. The Ensign has won his way into the hearts of the people, and we assure him a hearty welcome when he comes again.—Redbird.

GOOD-BYE, NORTH SYDNEY.

An Interview Between the Treasurer and Captain on the Last Nine Months' Warfare.

TREASURER: "Good-morning, Captain, I hear you are farewelling. Is that so?"

CAPTAIN: "Yes, that is correct. After ten months' fighting I shall soon say good-bye."

T.: "Could you spare time to give me a little information?"

C.: "Ask what you will, it shall be granted."

T.: "How many souls have been saved, and soldiers added to the roll during your term at North Sydney?"

C.: "There have been 55 Seniors and 30 Juniors saved, and 23 soldiers added to the roll, besides some transfers from other corps."

T.: "And you found that the War Cry sells readily, have you?"

Sold 5 000 War Crys.

C.: "Not as easy as in some places; but, nevertheless, we sold out our supply every week, and paid in full. Between Mrs. Thompson and myself, we sold over 5,000 copies on the streets."

T.: "How have you found the finances compare with other corps?"

C.: "Finances would compare fav-

OLD WINE.

Thoughts of Ancient Writers.

A man should be upright, not be kept upright.

The universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it.

Things that have a common quality ever quickly seek their kind.

Remember this—that very little is needed to make a happy life.

To a rational being it is the same thing to act according to nature and according to reason.

Thou wilt find rest from vain fancies if thou dost every act in life as though it were thy last.

Look to the essence of a thing, whether it be a point of doctrine, of practice, or of interpretation.

How much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does, or thinks, but only at what he does himself to make it just and holy.

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong in its current; as soon as a thing is brought to light, it is swept by, and another takes its place, and this, too, will be swept away.

Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself, and in complete in itself; praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse, nor the better, for being praised.

Remember that man's life lies with this present, as 'twere but a hair's breadth of time; as for the rest, the past is gone, the future yet unseen.

Dying Grace.

I went once to see a dying girl whom the world had roughly treated. She never had a father; she never knew her mother. Her home had been the poorhouse, her couch the hospital cot; and yet, as she staggered in her weakness there, she picked up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell out the New Testament, and she had touched the hem of the Master's garment, and had learned the new song. And I never trembled in the presence of majesty as I did in the majesty of her presence as she came near the throne. "Oh, sir," she said, "God sends His angels. I read in His Word, 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation?' And when I am lying in my cot they stand about me on this floor, and when the heavy darkness comes and this poor side aches so severely, He comes, for he says, 'Lo, I am with you,' and I sleep, I rest."—Bishop C. H. Fowler.

SUNDRY SNAP-SHOTS.

A blank cartridge will make the most noise.

To be content with the less is to have less discontent.

Fidelity to old truths demands hospitality to new ones.

A man's wealth may be measured by his capacities, not by his coin.

It is poor religious exercises balancing on one foot on the edge of sin.

The modesty of true worth is only equalled by the worth of true modesty.

There is only one single step from the level rock over the precipice of ruin.

Getting Christ into the people will solve the problem of getting people into the church.

When we think to thank God for our pleasures it will be easier to bless Him for our burdens.



ENSIGN AND MRS. KNIGHT, WESTVILLE, N.S.

Twenty Souls.

TILT COVE.—Since the Siege commenced twenty souls have been saved, some of whom have given in their names as recruits. We will look forward to a big enrolment on Good Friday. Last week we had a banquet, and the abundance of good things provided proved the liberality of the people of Tilt Cove. Much credit is due our soldiers and friends who worked so nobly to make this success. Every body pronounced it "the best yet," and we certify to the same by showing, clear of expenses, the sum of \$55.85, being \$2 more raised than on any previous occasion. With all our heart we thank our comrades and friends for their assistance, and give God all the glory.—M. Burry, Capt.

Speak Not Harshly.

Speak not harshly of a comrade. If he falter on the track, When his feet are well-nigh slipping, And his courage seems to lack; Rather stretch your hand to help him, Speak a word his heart to cheer; It may prove a cup of blessing, And 'twill please your Father's ear.

Speak not harshly quickly, comrades; Harsh words break the bruised reed Which our Saviour did strengthen; Kind words help each to succeed. Yes, our day will soon be over, Soon our evening time will come; We shall then be glad we've uttered Words that helped our comrade home.

orally with any corps. They couldn't be much better. We received full salary nearly every week, besides paying over \$50 for furnishing and repairs to barracks and quarters. We gained a grand victory in our last Harvest Festival by going considerably over the target."

T.: "Now, a word or two about the Junior work. How is it going?"

Junior Work Booming.

C.: "Ha! You've struck a key to my heart. I love the children's work. We have to-day a good Junior corps, with eight Companies, and ten when we can secure the teachers. There were only three, and sometimes even two, working nine months ago. We have also a good staff of Junior Locals. The average attendance is one hundred."

T.: "I see you've got a library for the children."

C.: "Yes, we have a fine library, and the children are interested in it."

T.: "How many Corps-Cadets have you?"

C.: "We have three; one of these applied before we came, and one or two others are ripening and will no doubt become Corps-Cadets soon."

T.: "One more word, Captain. How did you find the people of North Sydney in general?"

C.: "All right. I speak of people as I find them; I really have enjoyed myself. Good-bye, I'm off for Dartmouth."

T.: "Oh, pardon me, Captain, but who is your successor?"

C.: "Capt. Goodwin, from Annapolis. Treat her good and no doubt you'll have an enjoyable time in your corps. Adieu."

Territorial Newslets

An early Anglo-Saxon custom, strictly followed by newly-married couples was that of drinking diluted honey for thirty days after marriage. From this custom comes the word 'honey moon, or honey month.

WAR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

EASTERN PROVINCE.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

105 Hustlers.	
Cadet Holden, St. John I.	270
Lieut. White, Fredericton	240
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	208
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	185
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	100
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	158
Cadet Kenny, St. John I.	153
Adj. Frazier, Halifax I.	133
Sergt. Velnut, Halifax II.	132
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney	117
Ensign Knight, Westville	115
Cadet Duncan, Newcasl	100
Capt. Bowring, Campbellton	100
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	100
Cand. Trickett, Glace Bay	100
Lieut. March, Sydney	100
Capt. Taylor, Windsor	80
Lieut. Melkie, Hamilton	75
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Chatham	75
Lieut. Kedmond, St. Stephen	74
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	71
Capt. Armstrong, Parrsboro	70
J. Parsons, New Glasgow	67
Capt. Andrews, New Glasgow	65
Capt. McEachern, St. Stephen	65
Capt. Payne, Calais	65
Capt. Hawbold, Sussex	60
Capt. Taylor, Eastport	60
Capt. Lendley, New Glasgow	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Sergt. Kelly, St. George's	60
Capt. Brehaut, Hamilton	60
M. Myles, Kentville	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	55
Capt. Englund, Huron	55
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, New Glasgow	55
Capt. Forcey, Canning	55
A. Goodwin, Annapolis	52
M. Selig, Halifax I.	51
Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	50
Ensign Aitken, Yarmouth	50
Lieut. Young, Woodstock	50
Lieut. Lebans, Calais	50
C. C. Morey, Calais	50
Capt. Bell, Somerset	50
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Col. Sergt. Redfield, Somerset	50
Lieut. Minto, Yarmouth	45
Capt. Smith, Springhill	45
Capt. Green, Sackville	43
L. Newell, Dartmouth	42
Lieut. Ughurhat, Halifax	41
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	40
Sergt. Fairweather, St. John III.	40
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	40
Lieut. McDonald, Bridgewater	40
Lieut. McLeod, Somerset	40
Capt. Wincheur, Houlton	40
Mrs. Young, Springhill	38
Mrs. Beatty, Houlton	37
Lieut. Jones, Houlton	35
Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney	35
C. C. Chislett, N. Sydney	35
C. C. Maynard, N. Sydney	35
Sergt. G. Martin, Glace Bay	35
S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	35
M. Smith, Winslow	35
Lieut. Vandue, Houlton	35
Capt. Kirk, Clark's Harbor	30
Lieut. Tiller, Clark's Harbor	30
Capt. Wyatt, Hulsboro	30
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	30
S. Holden, Windsor	30
Lieut. Minto, Houlton	30
Capt. Traflet, Sussex	30
Capt. Hudson, Carleton	30
Lieut. McWilliams, Carleton	30
Ensign Lander, Halifax II.	28
Sergt. McDow, Carleton	28
Mrs. Louther, Springhill	26
Mrs. Ross, Fredericton	25
Mrs. Crossman, Halifax I.	25
Capt. Hutt, Fairville	25
Capt. Parsons, Digby	25
Sergt. Fenn, Digby	25
Lieut. Harding, Annapolis	25
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Westville	25
Lieut. Lebans, Bear River	25
A. Thompson, Moncton	24
Ensign Parsons, St. John II.	24
Capt. Wilson, Bridgetown	24
M. Marshall, St. John III.	24
Adj. Frazier, Halifax I.	20
F. Matthews, N. Sydney	20
B. Sharpman, Windsor	20
Sergt. Moore, Charlottetown	20
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	20
Adj. Graham, Charlottetown	20
Capt. Ebsary, Lunenburg	20
Capt. T. Perry, North Head	20
Lieut. Munro, North Head	20
Capt. Bell, Somerset	20
Capt. Ryan, Bear River	20
Bro. Bradbury, St. John II.	20

100 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Crawford, Brantford	258
Lieut. Kitchen, London	240
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	198
Lieut. Knuckie, Woodstock	188
Capt. Horwood, Windsor	110
Lieut. Barner, Leamington	105
Cadet-Lieut. Yeomans, Wingham	95
Lieut. Maisey, St. Thomas	95
Lieut. Craft, Guelph	87
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Stratford	80
Ensign Jarvis, Tilsonburg	80
Capt. Heater, Clinton	78
Capt. Jinderson, Hespeler	75
Cadet Erb, Galt	75
Ensign Hollett, Galt	75
Etanna McDougall, Goderich	70
Capt. Mathers, Bloemh	73
Capt. Hockin, Forest	70
Capt. Haley, Sarnia	70
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	68
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	67
Lieut. Cook, Sarnia	67
Sister Brodick, Stratford	65
Man Stages, Wallaceburg	65
Sister Britton, Stratford	64
Lieut. Winters, Wyoming	60
Mrs. Dr. Green, Bridgetown	60
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	60
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	52
Sergt. Palmer, London	50
Bro. McColl, Drayton	50
Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	26
Ensign Gault, Guelph	25
P. S. M. Dearing, Hespeler	25
Mrs. Shepley, Wallaceburg	25
Mother Cutting, Essex	25
Lieut. Allen, Stratford	25
Mrs. Ensign Slote, Seaforth	25
Lieut. Edwards, Hildesheim	25
Capt. White, Chatham	25
Bro. Hyde, Sarnia	25
Sister Bryson, Petrolia	25
Sister Blackwell, Petrolia	25
Sister I. Christner, Petrolia	25
Mrs. Christner, Petrolia	25
Capt. Coe, Ingersoll	25
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	25
Sister Fobister, St. Thomas	25
Celestia Silver, St. Thomas	25
Mother Bradley, Kingsville	25
Bro. Mungrave, Wroxeter	25
Sergt. McElroy, St. Thomas	25
Sergt. Anderson, Watford	23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	23
S. S. Hockin, St. Thomas	21
S. M. Graham, Thamesville	21
Ensign Scott, Clinton	20
C. C. Crawford, Paris	20
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Lieut. Burney, Wallaceburg	20
Maize Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Stanley Rumble, Chatham	20
Bro. Christner, Dresden	20
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	20
Capt. Coy, Seaforth	20
Reggie Rowe, Brantford	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

77 Hustlers.	
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	175
Capt. Burch, Cornwall	163
Capt. Hickman, Plenton	144
Capt. Carter, Belleville	130

Sergt. Vachour, Montreal I.	44
Capt. Crego, Campbellford	40
Sergt. Stone, Peterboro	40
Capt. Woods, Sunbury	38
Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	37
King, Napier	37
Capt. Russell, Port Hope	35
Lieut. Langley, Port Hope	35
Capt. Cook, Brockville	35
Lieut. Waugh, Brockville	35
Mrs. Major Turner, Peterboro	35
Capt. Cook, Niagara	35
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	30
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	30
Sergt. Proctor, St. Johnsbury	30
Capt. Norman, Quebec	30
Lieut. Bushey, Kempsville	30
P. S. M. Taylor, Bowmanville	30
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	30
Envoys Magee, Wakefield	25
Sister McCormick, Ottawa	25
Adj. Babbington, Peterboro	25
Lila Walsh, Port Hope	25
Sister DeWitt, Plenton	25
Mrs. Jewell, Plenton	25
Cand. Sherman, Campbellford	25
Mrs. Wheelock, Kingston	25
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	25
Mrs. Clapp, Port Hope	24
Capt. Havelock, Plenton	22
Sister Kimberley, Arnprior	22
Sister Comba, Arnprior	22
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	21
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	21
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	21
Sergt. Lowbury, Plenton	20
Bro. Spinks, Ogdensburg	20
Lieut. Crosier, Odessa	20
Dad Duquet, Trenton	20
Mrs. Downey, Kingston	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

66 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	350
Minnie Gilbert, Temple	110
Capt. Hannan, Midland	95
Lieut. E. Meader, Sturgeon Falls	75
Cadet Dauberville, Lippincott St.	74
Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound	65
Capt. McEwan, Owen Sound	65
Ethel White, Barrie	65
Adj. Burrows, Barrie	60
Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines	60
Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines	60
Sergt. Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St.	57
P. S. M. Tyler, Bowmanville	55
S. S. Hinton, Oakville	50
Adj. Walker, Riverside	50
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	50
Ensign McDonald, Dovercourt	50
Sergt. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	50
Capt. Meeks, Barrie	50
Lieut. Porter, Dundas	47
Capt. Carwardine, Dundas	46
Lieut. McGregor, Brampton	45
Capt. Pattenden, Newmarket	45
Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket	45
Sergt. Buck, Lisgar St.	42
Margie Bowman, Temple	41
Capt. McCann, Hamilton II.	40
Cadet-Lieut. Jago, Hamilton II.	40
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
Patric Dixon, Temple	40
Capt. Howers, Collingwood	35
Mrs. Bell, Collingwood	35
Lieut. J. Marsell, Little Current	31
Mrs. Medlock, Temple	30
Duigan Lot, Menford	30
Capt. Sticks, Lindsay	30
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	30
Sergt. Goulding, Lippincott St.	30
Capt. Brooketts, Aurora	28
Sergt. Mrs. Stephens, St. Catharines	28
Lieut. Liddard, Fencel Falls	27
Capt. Stephens, Fencel Falls	27
Capt. Liddard, Fencel Falls	27
Capt. Banks, Bracebridge	26
Capt. Liston, Huron St.	25
Capt. Clark, Huntsville	25
Capt. Havelock, Plenton	25
Capt. Howell, Bowmanville	25
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Lisgar St.	25
Corps-Cadet McCarny, Riverside	25
Capt. LeCocq, Temple	25
Sergt. Howers, Collingwood	25
Capt. Crego, Menford	25
Cadet West, Lippincott St.	25
L. Boyer, Bracebridge	24
Mrs. Adjt. Bale, Lindsay	23
Bro. Calvert, Bracebridge	20
Sergt. Simpson, Lisgar St.	20
Sergt. Brown, Huntsville	20
Cadet-Lieut. Minnes, Uxbridge	20
Capt. Liston, Huron St.	20
P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	20
Bro. Allan, Bréhé, Bréhé	20
P. S. M. Small, St. Catharines	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

62 Hustlers.	
Capt. Livingston, Edmonton	100
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	87
Lieut. J. Cook, Port Portage	84
Lieut. Papstein, Winnipeg	88

THE SEAT OF AMBITION.



UNCLE JOSHUA: "Say, Aunt Rachel, this Lieut. Currell must be a brick! She is beating herself again this week, and vent and sold three hundred and fifty Crys."

AUNT RACHEL: "Then, of course, she's in the Ambitious City, and that's catching."

Lieut. Greenwood, Simcoe	50
Adj. Dickinson, Simcoe	50
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	50
Mary Schuster, Berlin	50
Capt. Wiseman, Berlin	50
Sergt. Rhoda Keeler, Windsor	48
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston	47
Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll	45
Adj. McGilivray, Brantford	45
Capt. Sitzer, Goderich	45
Lieut. Yeomans, Essex	45
Sergt. Glover, Dresden	44
Capt. Gibson, Norwich	40
Lieut. Pickie, Norwich	40
Sister Irwin, Listowel	40
Capt. Ringler, Listowel	40
Sister Butcher, Stratford	40
Ensign Crawford, Goderich	40
Lieut. Crank, Paris	37
Lieut. Fennay, Palmerston	37
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	30
Capt. Thompson, Theford	30
Sergt. Hockin, Windsor	30
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Seaforth	30
Capt. Harman, Bothwell	30
Capt. Copeman, Paris	30
C. C. Eva Simpson, Guelph	30
Sister Lamb, Stratford	30
Mrs. Leithner, Stratford	30
Ensign Howcroft, Ridgway	30
C. C. Dickinson, St. Thomas	30
Bro. D. Kerwell, London	28
Lieut. Plant, Watford	20
Capt. Gammlidge, St. Albans	120
Capt. Wilson, Port Hope	110
P. S. M. Vail, Barrie	111
Capt. McNamee, Sherbrooke	110
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	100
Adj. Moore, Kingston	100
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	90
Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	90
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	90
Capt. Tytus, Burlington	90
Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Kingston	80
Capt. Bloss, Ogdensburg	75
Cadet-Lieut. Rutledge, Gananoque	75
Capt. Owen, St. Johnsbury	75
Capt. Ash, Perth	75
Capt. Lang, Burlington	74
Capt. Green, Trenton	70
Capt. Croese, Quebec	70
Lieut. Hicks, Barro	67
Capt. Vance, Morrisburg	60
Sister T. Colley, Peterboro	60
Capt. Yake, Montreal II.	60
Ensign Yerec, Newport	59
Cadet-Lieut. Bryan, Newport	59
Capt. Slater, Arnprior	55
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	55
Capt. Magee, Morrisburg	53
Lieut. Liddell, Morrisburg	53
Mrs. Welsh, Burlington	50
Capt. Edwards, Desoto	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	50
Capt. Newell, Kempsville	45



Selected by Staff-Capt. Stanyon.

Staff-Capt. Stanyon commenced his career as an officer at the Congress Hall Training Home, in 1891, where five profitable months were spent. His appointments in England, with the exception of the last two, viz., Junior Secretary to Major Lord and F. O. at

Islington, were in connection with the Army's Training operations in that country, or, in other words, Captain Stanyon was a Garrison Officer. The command of the Kingston corps and District occupied the Staff-Captain's attention for eleven months on his transfer to Canada, in July, 1896. Here God blessed his efforts, and many souls were brought into the light. His marriage with Adj. Peace, then Private Secretary to the Field Commissioner, took place in the Pavilion, Toronto, on June 28th, in the presence of a very large audience. Almost two years on the Headquarters and Provincial Staff followed, after which came the Staff-Captain's appointment to his present position as Chancellor of the C. O. P. He is an energetic Salvationist, successful in his undertakings, and beloved by his comrades.

Holiness.

Tune.—Friend of sinners (B.J. 56).

1 All things are possible to him
Who can in Jesus' name believe;
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme.

Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in Thee.
All things are possible to me.

The most impossible of all
Is that I ever sin should cease;
Yet, shall it be? I know it shall:
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness.
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in Thine image shine;
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
Let men exclaim, and fiends reprove:
They cannot break the firm decree:
All things are possible to me.

All things are possible to God.
To Christ, the power of God in man;
To me, when I am all renewed.
When I in Christ am formed again;
And witness from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

Tune.—Anything for Jesus.
2 Anything for Jesus, I will do or dare,
Gladly in His glory or His sorrow share;
I will be a soldier, loyal, brave, and true,
Ready, at His bidding, just to be or do.

Chorus.

Anything for Jesus, I will do and not fear;
Anywhere for Jesus, be it far or near.

Everything for Jesus, nothing I withhold.
Henceforth, by His wisdom, every thought controlled;
I would be His servant, gladly to fulfil
All His love revealeth of His wondrous will.

Anything for Jesus, be it peace or pain,

His continual presence is my constant gain;
Childlike I will trust Him thro' this little while,
Daily looking upwards, just to catch His smile.

Nothing without Jesus, nothing great or small,
Troubles may oppress me, He shall know them all;
As the lord revealeth all things to her lord,
So my heart concealeth neither thought nor word.

Everything in Jesus, all complete I stand,
Righteousness receiving at His royal hand;
One with Him in glory, reigning on His throne,
Self now lost in Jesus, walk with Him alone.

War and Experience.

Tune.—Shout aloud salvation (B.J. 2, S.M. 11, 40).

3 Shout aloud salvation, boys, we'll have another song.
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along.
Sing it as our comrades sang it many millions strong.
As they were marching to glory.

Chorus.
March on, march on, we bring the jubilee,
Fight on, fight on, salvation makes us free;
We'll shout our Saviour's praises over every land and sea,
As we go marching to glory.

How the anxious shout it when they hear the joyful sound!
How the weakest conquer when the Saviour they have found!
How our grand battalions seem to spring out of the ground,
As we go marching to glory.

Yes, and there are Christian men that weep with joyful tears,
When our Saviour's honored as He has not been for years,
And a full salvation drives away their doubts and fears,
As we go marching to glory.

"Oh, they're helpless nobodies," our comrades made us say,
They forgot that with us comes th'Almighty Holy Ghost,
And uscen battalions of the glorious heavenly host,
As we go marching to glory.

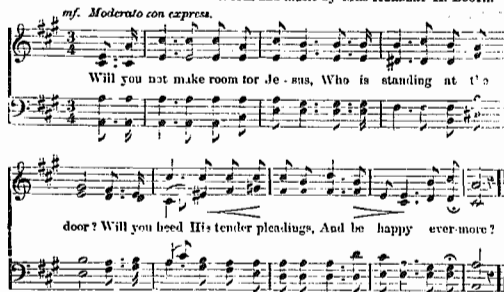
So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and His train;
All the world shall hear us, as fresh converts still we gain;
Sin shall fly before us, for resistance is in vain,
As we go marching to glory.

Tune.—I feel like singing (S.M. 1, 470).
4 I feel like singing all the time,
My sins are washed away,
For Jesus is a Friend like mine,
I'll serve Him every day.

Chorus.
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

Room for Jesus!

Words and music by Mrs HERBERT H. BORTH.



Will you not make room for Jesus?
Other friends have entered in;
Other guests have been well treated;
Have you not a place for Him?

Will you not make room for Jesus?
Other loves have left a void;
But this Friend of all who sorrow,
Brings a gladness unalloyed.

Will you not make room for Jesus?
Long entreating He has stood;
Oh, what lasting peace would enter,
If to-day you only would.

Will you not make room for Jesus?
He—the soul's entrancing Guest!
He—Who to the weary offers
Hope, and help, and light, and rest!

Will you not make room for Jesus?
Who so well can fill thy breast?
Who so heavenly the spirit?
Who so bid thy soul be blest?

Will you not make room for Jesus?
Why, poor sinner, then delay?
He is waiting for thy answer;
Canst thou longer say Him nay?

When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.

When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing, "Jesus is mine";
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time.

Oh, happy, happy, singing one,
What music is like thine?
With Jesus as thy Life and Sun,
Go singing all the time.

The angels sing a glorious song,
But not a song like mine;
For I am wash'd in Jesus' blood,
And singing all the time.

Salvation.

Tune.—Oh, turn ye (B.B. 10, B.J. 80, S.M. 1, 100).

6 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why
Will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is
drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
"Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come, wretched, come starving, come
just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

Why will you be starving or feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

Tune.—We are out on the ocean sailing (B.B. 74, S.M. 1, 50).

6 Sinner, we are sent to bid you
To the Gospel feast to-day;
Will you slight the invitation?
Will you, can you yet delay?

Chorus.

Leave, oh, leave your sin and sorrow;
Do not wait until to-morrow;
Now your Saviour kindly calls you.
Come, poor sinner, come away.

Come, oh, come, all things are ready,
To your Saviour's bosom fly;
Leave the worthless world behind you;
Seek for pardon, or you die.

What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue can tell?

What are all thy boasted treasures
To a soul when sunk in hell?

Solo of the Week

Tune.—I do believe (B.J. 22).
7 The Lord descended from above,
I do believe!
To show His wondrous grace and love.

I do believe!
He saw us helpless lie,
Through sin condemned to die,
And to our help did fly.
I do believe!

Chorus.

I do believe, I do believe,
If you come to Jesus pardon you'll receive.
Sinner, don't delay,
But come, we won't you any.

He'll take your sins away.
I do believe!
My Saviour died upon a tree.

I do believe!
He shed His blood for you and me.
I do believe!

He bore the awful pain,
For sinners all your sin.
He died and rose again,
I do believe!

Poor sinner, you may come to-day.
I do believe!
For soon your chance will pass away.

I do believe!
He waits to take you in,
And pardon all your sin.

And make you pure and clean,
I do believe!